McKean County Miner.

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NKNOWN MAN KILLS BIG DOE ON MONDAY

e Hunter Runs Away, Leaving The Deer Where It Fell.

NT IT TO BRADFORD HOSPITAL

ank Digel, Ray Mosier, "Doc" Hazen and Lowell Westenhall, Who Were Making "Drive" Hear Shots and Find Deer Still Warm—Game Warden Hogarth Notified and Investigating.

On Monday afternoon some unown hunter killed a large doe near e stone dam on Robbins brook, out five miles south of this borgh, but owing to the fact that a w makes it $100 fine for killing any nd of deer that has not visible rns he did not have a chance to joy the unlawful fruits of his mighrifle.

Frank Digel, Roy Mosier, "Doc" Hazen and Lowell Westenhall were makg what is commonly known among nters as a "drive." They had four er started and were only about a lf mile away when they heard two ots. Knowing that none of their rty which consisted of members the Olds Rod & Gun Club were cated on this runway they hurried the spot in order that they might t a "divide" on the game, but when ey came out in the clearing and w the doe lying there dead, it did t take them long to discover that was all theirs.

The place where this big doe was ot was clear and open so there was excuse for the hunter not knowg he was shooting at a buck with sible horns. Therefore when he ard other hunters coming he made acks for parts unknown and up to e present time no trace of him has en found.

The men who found the deer got to communication with Game Warn Hogarth as soon as possible, who ent to the scene and had the carcass the doe brought to Smethport, and Tuesday had it sent to Bradford the hospital according to law. The oe weighed 127 pounds dressed and said to be one of the largest seen this section in many years.

Game Warden Hogarth is making determined effort to get proof of ho killed this doe and if he is successful he will be prosecuted accordg to law.

MRS. IDA C. KARLSON

he Was Found Dead in Her Bed at Marvindale

Mrs. Ida C. Karlson, of Marvindale, Pa., was found dead in bed by her husband as he returned at 6 o'clock in he morning of Nov. 12. Mr. Karlson goes to his work at mid-night and came home to wake her up. Not being able to do so he called the neighbors and a physician, Dr. Cleveland from Mt. Jewett, the doctor said she had been dead for about 1½ hours before Mr. Karlson entered the room at 6 o'clock. Coroner Sherman was alled and they pronounced her death being due to heart failure, an investigation was not necessary. The deceased leaves her husband Mr. Eliof Karlson, 3 small children, Signe, Maie and Ivan, 3 to 6 years old, her father Mr. F. A. Shelander and stepmother, 3 brothers, John, Harry and Ed. and one sister Sigrid, all of Marindale, also one sister Mrs. James Bloomster, of Crosby, Pa., besides other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Karlson was born at Clermont, Pa., Oct. 12th, 1883 and was united in marriage to Eliof Karlson, February 24, 1906, was at her death 29 years and 30 days old.

Interment was made at Kasson cemetery, on Thursday.

Partridge Wyandotte Cockerels

I have ten fine large handsome cockerels of this breed five months old to trade for same number pullets between six months and one year old ither Barred, White or Buff Rocks or Rhode Island Reds, singly or the lot together. Inquire soon at my residence, MELLVILLE GILLETT, West Main Street. 1t-Adv

EYE SPECIALIST COMING

I hereby announce that I will be at the Wright House next Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 26-27.

dv H. S. Wheeler.

NEW YORK GUNMEN CONVICTED

All Four Are Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree

New York, Nov. 19.—"Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie," "Dago Frank" and "Whitey" Lewis killed Herman Rosenthal the gambler, at the instigation of Charles Becker, and like him must pay the penalty of death in the electric chair. The jury which has been hearing the evidence against the four gunmen so decided today when it returned against them a verdict of murder in the first degree after but 20 minutes of deliberation.

Like Becker, the gunmen heard the verdict pronounced against them without a show of emotion. They stood at the bar looking straight ahead as the foreman of the jury rose to make the result of its deliberations known and they continued to stare stolidly in front of them until the formalities of the proceeding was ended. Remanded to their cells in the Tombs until tomorrow morning, when Justice Goff will fix the day for imposing sentence, they turned and filed out of the court room with as firm a step as when they had entered. "Whitey" Lewis, the most dramatic of the four men when he testified on the witness stand, alone walked with bowed head.

As they entered the door leading over the bridge of sighs, "Gyp" said something to "Lefty" in a sullen undertone which none could hear. Outside "Lefty's" doll faced wife, "Lefty's Lillian" as she is called, wept on the shoulder of her husband's father who vainly tried to comfort her, for the verdict was quickly flashed from the court room to the waiting crowds without. "Gyp's" wife known as "Gyp's Lillian," received the news in the House of Detention. The other gunmen are unmarried.

Former Magistrate Charles. G. F. Wahle, counsel for the gunmen, announced that he would appeal from the verdict, and, as in the case of Becker months may elapse before their ultimate fate is determined. Meantime they will occupy cells near that of the former police lieutenant in the death house at Sing Sing.

Although the jury was actually out of the court room an hour and five minutes it was but 20 minutes after their retirement that word reached the clerk of the court that they had reached a verdict. This was at 1:55 o'clock, but at that time Justice Goff was at lunch and he did not return until three-quarters of an hour later.

The final day of the trial opened with Justice Goff's charge to the jury which occupied three hours. The charge emphasized many points in the testimony of the gunmen which the prosecution in its summing up, declared were discrepancies fatal to the credibility of their stories

"If the defendant's contention were true that Rose and his companion, Webber, Vallon and Schepps shot Rosenthal, would be have invited them around to the Metropole to the scene of the shooting?" he asked the jury. "Did the defendants tell the truth when they said they saw Rosenthal shot and were near enough to distinguish the faces of those who did the shooting, but did not witness Rosenthal's fall? Was the testimony of the three defendants in support of the alibi of Dago Frank interposed by prearrangement?"

"The verdict was a just one and will meet with the approval of right thinking citizens," said District Attorney Whitman tonight. "It means the beginning of the end of 'gang rule' in New York city. From now on this office will push the case of every man arrested as being a gangster. They will receive no mercy and the public opinion that has been aroused by the killing of Herman Rosenthal will support the prosecuting officers of the county in his endeavors to remove these pests from the city.

"Webber, Rose and Vallon will be released as soon as their attorney makes an application for such release. They will not run away—that I am sure of. As for Schepps he was only held as a vagrant and he certainly has served his term. I shall not oppose his discharge. The jury that decided the case of the gunmen did not seem to regard Shapiro as an accomplice and I shall move tomorrow for his discharge.

"As soon as the Hyde trial is over I shall take up the prosecution of Jack Sullivan on a charge of murder in the first degree as charged in the indictment filed against him."

Oleomargarine for sale at Mrs. P. H. McAbons, East Smethport. tf-Adv

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET

Mrs. Moore, of Kane, Reads a Paper Before Travellers' Club

Mrs. Burress Moore, of Kane, formerly of this town, who has made a special study for some years past, of the works of Shakespeare, delivered a comprehensive article on "Shakespeare's Hamlet" at the Travellers' Club last Saturday.

That Mrs. Moore's research has been painstaking and complete and that she has done the work with heart and soul for pure love of it was sufficiently demonstrated in her able paper. The authority for her criticisms and commitaries is Hamilton Morgan, one of the first of Shakespearean authorities. No amount of arguing or criticism can take from Shakespeare the glory of his master piece, the Hamlet that is known and loved the world over.

Mrs. Moore preferred to call the melancholy prince Amleth of Elsmore. She had with her engravings of the old castle as well as reproductions of four famous editions of the play.

To her the real Hamlet was not the Hamlet of Danish history, but the Hamlet whom the immortal bard of Avon has made absolutely real to her.

Mrs. Moore discussed the play in three aspects, namely: the Psychology of Hamlet, the Philosophy of Hamlet and Hamlet's problem.

She summed up her delightful study by declaring that the whole story is one of moral conflict between desire and duty. Mrs. Moore said that we must believe in Hamlet's sanity the method in his madness which makes so fascinating a study for psychologists.

The identity and character of Ophelia was dicussed as well as that of the other characters in the play but Mrs. Moore dealt mostly with Hamlet himself from the time he came to Elsmore unsuspecting of evil until his tragic death when Horatio says: "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The Travellers' Club certainly appreciated the kindness of their former member in making the trip from Kane to give them this excellent paper of which this slight sketch give only a general idea.

HICKEY ARRESTED

Police Believe They Have the Murderer of Joseph Josephs

Buffalo, N. Y. Nov. 19.—The arrest of J. Frank Hickey at Whiting, N. J., and the presentation to a grand jury now in session here of all the evidence gathered by the police of Lackawanna and Buffalo relating to the murder of seven year old Joseph Josephs were the principal developments in the case today. Immediately after the close of the grand jury hearing Chief of Police Gilson of Lackawanna and District Attorney Wesley C. Dudley left for Toms River, N. J., to take charge of Hickey.

Witnesses taken to the grand jury room in addition to police officers of the two cities included Superintendents, foremen and time keepers of the Lackawanna steel and iron plants, a handwriting expert and George Josephs, father of the murdered boy, who received several of the "murder cards" from Boston and New York giving details of the murder and telling where the body of little Josephs could be found.

Robert Wilson, general time keeper of the Rogers-Brown Company, said before going into the grand jury room that a man named J. Frank Hickey worked for his firm in October, 1911. On the day the Josephs boy disappeared, October 12, Mr. Wilson said the books show Hickey was absent from the plant.

Hickey first appeared at Lackawanna in January, 1903. He worked as foreman in a coke oven department until June, 1903 when he was transferred to the construction department. In June, 1906, he quit and went to Lowell, Mass., but subsequently returned and worked at various plants. Following the disappearance of the Josephs boy Hickey worked intermittently for two weeks, his name last April appearing on the books of the Rogers-Brown, October 25, 1912.

WANTED

Boys at the Berney-Bond Glass factory. tf-Adv.

Dressmaking and sewing at my home on Willow St. Mrs. U. H. Foote 2t-Adv.

MRS. M'ALEE DEAD

Former Smethport Lady Dies at Home in Johnsonburg

At 9:50 o'clock yesterday morning the Death Angel entered the home of Joseph McAlee, Sr., on Mary street, this place and removed therefrom the beloved wife and mother. Mrs. McAlee had been in ill health for the past two years, but it was for only the past two or three weeks that her life was despaired of. Her death was due to a complication of diseases.

The funeral will be held at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning from the Catholic church, burial being at the Catholic cemetery at Rolfe. Requiem High Mass will be celebrated at the church, the pastor of the church officiating.

The deceased was born in Ravendale, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania on January 25, 1850, she being therefore in her 63rd year at the time of her death. Mrs. McAlee whose maiden name was Miss Elizabeth Brennen, was married to Mr. Joseph McAlee at St. Clair, Schuylkill county forty-one years ago. Following their marriage they went to Smethport where they resided for twenty-one years. They then moved to Johnsonburg where for the past twenty years they have made their home. She is survived by her husband and by nine children, eight sons and one daughter, the children being Christopher E., Michael, Joseph and James, all married and residing in Johnsonburg; Frank who is married lives in Maine. The other children are Paul, Anna, John and Emmett at home. The deceased is also survived by nineteen grandchildren. She had no near surviving relatives outside of her immediate family.

Mrs. McAlee was a consistent member of the Catholic church of this place and a member of the Lady Maccabees. She was a very amiable lady and had a host of friends among her acquaintances. The family has the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Among the out-of-town friends and relatives who are here to attend the funeral obsequies are Mr. and Mrs. Cailihan McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lynch and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, of Smethport.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

DIPHTHERIA IN SLAV CAMP.

One Dead, Three Sick and Fourteen More Exposed

The recent death of a child of Mr and Mrs. Joe Onuffer, Slavs, who live in a woods camp on the Marshburg road, has called to the attention of the health authorities a deplorable condition. The child died of diphtheria and at the present time the mother and two other children are suffering from the same disease.

The "camp" where the Onuffer family lives, is located on the top of the hill, on the Marshburg road. It is a two-story shack of about 14x16 feet and houses at the present time, 12 men, two women and four children. The shack has one room on the first floor and two on the second floor. Eighteen persons are huddled into a space that is hardly enough for a bed chamber. The building, as well as its surroundings, is unsanitary and ideal for the propogation of disease germs. A pig and a cow are kept in the immediate vicinity of the shack and root and browse over the ground that surrounds the building. The shack is surrounded by mud and filth.

The child that fell victim to diphtheria, died last Friday morning and Health Officer Roedel was at once notified. He placed the shack under quarantine and later the county commissioners were notified. Commissioners Marsh and Anderson will visit the shack this afternoon for the purpose of ascertaining what may be done for the relief of the inmates. Dr. Egbert, of Custer City, is attending the diphtheria victims.

The "camp" is isolated and there is no fear of outside contagion, if the woodchoppers will observe quarantine regulations. If they should fail to do this, the results may prove disastrous.

It is impossible to secure the services of a nurse under conditions as they exist in the woodchopper's camp and it devolves on the woman who has not yet been stricken with the disease, to do a major part of the work of caring for the three patients. It appears to be a certainty that the two children who have so far escaped contracting the diphtheria will eventually fall victims to the disease.

The question of a county isolation hospital, which has at different times been agitated, will probably be renewed by the case of the Onuffer family.

A KANE MAN'S SUICIDE

Albert Mayes Ends His Life in Warren Barber Shop Last Week

The body of a man lying face downward in a pool of blood, the throat gashed in such a manner that the head was nearly severed from the body was the horrible sight that met the eyes of Grant Matthews, a barber in Reed Bros. barber shop on Hickori street, Wednesday afternoon when he went to the basement, says the Warren Mail.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Wednesday the man, then unknown, came into the barber shop and quietly asked for a shave. He talked but little and appeared to act normal, with no sign of drink or excitement.

After being shaved he went to the toilet room in the basement, returned, looked over a copy of a magazine, then proceeded to walk out, neglecting to pay his bill. His attention was called to the oversight and he apologized stating "I overlooked it. I was thinking of something else." He gave three nickels in payment for his shave. He went out and returned in a few minutes and asked if he could again go to the toilet room. He was given a key and no one paid any further attention to the incident. About an hour later Matthews went to the basement and found the body.

The police and the coroner were notified and soon arrived and took charge of the body. In one of the pockets was found a letter addressed to Albert Mayes, Sheffield, Pa., care Hart-Henderson Lumber Co. In the pockets were also found 25 cents in coin and a few cigars. The merchants and makers names had been removed from a soft brown hat, but the suit bore the label of Will Epstein, the Sheffield clothier. A cheap pocket knife was used by Mayes to end his life.

The letter was from a woman signing the name "Sadie." The letter had been mailed on November 2d, and dealt with private family affairs. It was marked to be returned to "218 Bayard street, Kane, Pa." and it was in this way that identification was established. The Kane police were notified. A brother-in-law of Mayes was located. His name is Walter Neeley, and after a telephone conversation, he stated he would come on to Warren and take charge of the body, if it proved to be that of Mayes.

Later instructions were given to ship the body to Kane. Despondency, caused by ill health, is thought to have been the cause of the suicide.

It is apparent to all that Mayes had carefully planned the suicide in this manner and as to the place.

J. D. McGEE FOUND DEAD.

Rixford Oil Worker Passed Away Suddenly on Tuesday.

Tuesday's Bradford Star-Record: J. D. Magee, a long time resident of Rixford, was found dead at 7:30 o'clock this morning. Mr. Magee lived alone and was employed as a pumper on a lease in the vicinity of Rixford. He had been in poor health for several years but had been able to do the work that was required of him as a pumper. This morning it was noticed that he had not left home at the usual hour and Albert Connor made an investigation. He found the doors of the house locked. He looked through the windows of the sitting room and saw the body of Magee lying upon the floor. The door was then forced open and Coroner Sherman of this city notified of the man's death. It was concluded that Mr. Magee had arisen at his usual hour this morning and after dressing himself preparatory to going to work, had sat down to put on his overshoes. One of the shoes was on his foot and the other in his hand when death came suddenly. There was no indication of a struggle and it is concluded that Mr. Magee died quickly and probably painlessly. He was about 70 years of age and is survived by a sister who lives in Youngsville, Pa., and a daughter, who is a resident of Pittsburgh.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,

Adv. Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

EMERY IS PRESIDENT

Bradford Man Chosen Head of the Consolidated Sanatorium

The directors of the recently consolidated Bon Air sanatorium at Bells Camp, and the Grandview sanatorium of Oil City, held a meeting at Oil City yesterday and organized by electing the following officers:

President, Hon. L. Emery, Jr., of Bradford; vice presidents, W. A. Boyland of Oil City and Hon. E. P. Habgood of Bradford; treasurer, E. D. Wetmore, of Warren, Pa.; secretary and General Manager, M. F. Melvin, of Bradford.

ed a director to succeed the Hon. Joed a director to succeed the Hon. Joseph Sibley, who was unable to serve owing to imparied health.

Dr. O. F. Kunkle who has been medical director at Bon Air sanatorium, was elected medical director of both institutions and will spend his time about equally between Bon Air and Grandview sanatoriums.

General Manager Melvin was authorized to appoint Mary R. Carroll of Buffalo as his assistant.

The directors decided that the membership fee will be $5 a year and it is desired that the number of members be increased until at least 2,000 are obtained.

An advantage obtained already from the consolidation of the two tuberculosis sanatoriums, is the fact that a number of patients in this vicinity who have been on the waiting list, are to be provided for at once at the Grandview sanatorium. The Oil City sanatorium has but few patients at the present time and is in splendid shape to provide for the patients who have been waiting for a place at Bon Air.

Henry Neil has been appointed temporary manager of the Grandview institution and has already entered upon his duties.

The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League is now better established to do excellent work in stamping out tuberculosis than ever before.—Wednesday's Era.

HE SHOT THREE

A Hunter Fired on Autoists When Dog Was Killed

Erie, Pa., Nov. 20.—William H. Forster, prominent business man, his wife, Susan Forster, leader of the young society set here and George Keller, their chauffeur, were shot this afternoon, by an enraged hunter after the automobile in which they were enroute from Erie to the Forster country home ran over a dog with which the huntsman was hunting rabbits west of this city.

Mrs. Forster was severely wounded about the face and head by shots from the shotgun in the hands of Lloyd D. Pastorious, 25 years old, a milkman. She is at a local hospital. The sight of her left eye is endangered, and physicians say if she recovers, the wounds will mar her for life. Mr. Forster and the chauffeur escaped with flesh wounds.

Postorious was remanded to jail without bail. He is charged with shooting with intent to kill. He claims shooting was accidental.

YOUNG GIRL POISONED.

Elizabeth Kelley Ate Matches and Died From the Effects.

Elizabeth Kelley, a 14-year-old girl who resided with her parents at Wrights, about five miles up the river from Port Allegany, died at an early hour from the effects of poison.

It is said that the young lady had been told that if she ate the heads of matches the brimstone would improve her complexion and it is supposed that she ate so many that the poison from them caused her death.

Coroner E. R. Sherman of Bradford, was noified and went to Wrights where he gathered the facts and came to the conclusion that her death was due to eating matches.

"ESTRAY"

A dark yearling stead colt with white spot on rump left of tail. Any information will be rewarded by J. L. Orlatt, Farmers Valley, Pa. Adv-tf.

CASH PAID

for all kinds furs, ginsing, bees-wax, old rubber and all kinds of metals. 4t-Adv. C. H. Gleason.

Mrs. J. A. Holder will be glad to take your order for wool batts or wool filled comforters at her home on King Street, next to Baptist church. 2t-Adv

WHEN LIFE IS DONE

Some Peoples Give Their Dead to Animals to Devour.

PECULIAR FUNERAL CUSTOMS

Among Many Races There Are Different Methods of Burial For Men and Women—Rites That Are Inspired by Fear of the Spirit of the Departed.

Strange indeed are many of the ceremonies attending the disposal of the dead in different parts of the world, and, following the natural order of things, the more primitive the nation the more primitive its methods. The rudest mode now prevalent is that of simply leaving the body exposed, but the ways of exposure vary considerably. Some wandering tribes act on the maxim, "Where the tree falls, there let it lie," and, leaving the dead behind, move their camp to pastures new. The Wanyamwesi, however, carry their dead into the forest to be devoured by beats of prey, while some of the tribes of Guinea throw the corpse into the sea.

The Kamchadales keep dogs to consume their dead, under the strange impression that those who are devoured by dogs will be the masters of fine dogs in the world beyond. The Parsees, although a cultured nation, place their dead in a round tower, called a tower of science, and the vultures who make such towers their habitation finish the work. In Dahomey it was been stated that a person whose body has been struck by lightning is hacked to pieces and devoured by the priests.

Burial, of course, has many different forms, the simplest of which is perhaps the piling of stones or thorns over the body to keep off wild beasts. Some tribes bury their children by the roadside, so that their souls may enter into the bodies of the passersby. Burial in the earth is an earlier custom than that of cremation, embalming, or drying the body by suspending it from a tree, and many nations have more than one custom—for instance, merely burying their women, while the men are embalmed or dried.

An instance of several customs being in common use in one tribe is to be seen among the Kalmucks. They either expose, bury, burn, throw the body into the water, pile over it a heap of stones or build a hut over it, doing whatever the priest considers to be the most suitable. The position of the body also varies considerably, but as a general rule the head is laid either to the east or to the west. The Bongos, however, are an exception, for they bury the women with the face to the south, and the men with the face to the north.

"Among the primitive nations the expressions of grief at the loss of the deceased, grief not untinged with fear of him in his new state, and vent in self inflicted tortures and other tremendously exaggerated expressions of woe. The inhabitants of New Zealand—the aborigines that is—bedaub themselves with pigment and wound themselves with broken shells. The Hawaiians go still further, knocking out their teeth and cutting off an ear or finger joint, while, when Hawaii was under the rule of monarchs, at the king's death the nation at large feigned madness through grief, and this was the signal for unbridled license of every description.

No nation is there, as a whole, which believes that the soul does not continue to exist after it leaves the body, and the origin of many funeral rites is the belief that death means the soul's transition from one state to another and that it is necessary to entertain the soul on the journey; hence it is that wives, servants, horses, money, weapons, musical instruments, meat and drink are among the things buried with the body. The Lapinders supply the corpse with flint, steel and tinder wherewith to obtain light by the way, and the Gonds even place toothpicks in the grave.

Rather a touching custom is prevalent among the Greenlanders, for on the death of a child they bury a dog with it to guide it, certain that a dog will find his way anywhere. The Russians have a custom of placing a paper passport in the hand of the deceased to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven, while at one time in Wales "sin eaters" were employed, who by eating a loaf of bread over the dead body took upon themselves the burden of the deceased's sins.

It would seem that the fear of being haunted by the ghost of the departed has had no small effect upon many of the rites practiced for the Egyptians turn the body round and round so as to confuse the spirit's idea of direction, while the peasants of Brandenburg pour a pail of water after the corpse to prevent its return, and the aborigines of Australia remove the nails of the dead, so that they may not scratch their way out of the grave.—London Globe.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.—Emmons.

"PLEBES" AT WEST POINT.

The Upper Classmen Give Them Many Lessons in Humility.

Notwithstanding the efforts to suppress hazing, the path of a "plebe" at our famous military academy is not exactly rose strewn. W. A. Sample in Lippincott's gives an amusing and enlightening account of the experiences of one plebe.

"For the first ten days in camp," the author tells us, "plebes are made to walk with their little fingers on the seams of their trousers, palms of the hands to the front and depressing their toes as they walk—that is, striking the ground with the toe of the shoe first. It is a very tiresome and ludicrous process and is called 'finning out.'

"A plebe walking quietly down the company street is observed by some visitors, when suddenly he throws out his hands and digs in his toes.

"'Oh, Cadet Beanpole, why is that cadet walking so queerly?' asks a pretty girl.

"'That isn't a cadet; it's a plebe. He walks that way because he wants to be graceful.'

"The true reason is that the poor plebe heard some upper classman say: 'Fin out there, paister; dig in those toes; tear up the gravel. What do you mean by deadbeating and going bow legged?'

"The cadets march to meals, to church, to swimming, to dancing, to everything. The plebes are placed in the rear rank of all formations.

"The first meal a plebe eats in the mess hall with the corps is never forgotten. Twelve cadets are seated at a table, at least three of whom are plebes. The cadet in charge of the table sits at the head, while a plebe called 'the gunner' sits at the foot. It is the duty of the gunner to call the table to attention each day and to announce the kind of dessert. As there is no bill of fare and the dessert is different every day, this is not always an easy job. If the gunner announces the dessert incorrectly, he is deprived of his portion.

"The plebe on the gunner's right is called the cocoa corporal and on the left the water corporal. It is the duty of the cocoa corporal to pour out the cocoa, and the water corporal pours the water.

"The cadets often have a fierce and wonderfully built jelly called 'Felix trembled.' This concoction wabbles all over your plate and derives its name from a cadet named Felix, one of the oldest living graduates, who ate some of the mixture and trembled violently. Cadets who eat it have been trembling ever since. Molasses is called 'Sammy' by the upper classmen. Plebes are required to call it the 'Right Rev. Mr. Samuel, sir,' until they qualify, which is done by eating seven slices of bread and molasses, when they may call it 'Sammy.'

"After finishing their meals, plebes are required to sit bolt upright and gaze fixedly at a potato stuck on matches in the center of the table. They are not allowed to feast their eyes upon the portraits of the great generals that decorate the walls of the mess hall, but must sit and 'brace' until the command, 'Battalions rise,' is given, when they fall in and march back to camp."

The Drama of the Sunset.

We never tire of the drama of sunset. I go forth each afternoon and look into the west a quarter of an hour before sunset with fresh curiosity to see what new picture will be painted there, what new phenomenon exhibited, what new dissolving views. Every day a new picture is painted and framed, held up for half an hour in such lights as the great artist chooses and then withdrawn and the curtain falls. The sun goes down, long the afterglow gives light, the damask curtains glow along the western window, the first star is lit, and I go home.—From Thoreau's "Winter."

Bull Baiting in England.

In the old days of England bull baiting was as common as football. A reminder of this exists in the will of one George Staverton of Workingham. He bequeathed out of his estate a sum of $30 yearly with which to buy a bull for the baiting. The bull was to be given to the poor of Workingham to be baited in the market place Dec. 21 of each year, the remains of the animal to be sold and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of shoes and stockings for the poor children. The will was carried out until 1825, when the corporation forbade any more such celebrations.

Why Is It?

Here is a question in naval science which is to the average sailor man a riddle unsolved. Take a vessel of, say, 2,500 tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons. This gives you a total of 6,000 tons. Hitch a little tug to this vessel, and she will yank the big craft along at the rate of six or eight knots an hour. Now put the tug's machinery in the big vessel. It won't move her half a knot an hour. Why is this?

A Little Persuasion.

Wife (indignantly)—What! Live in the suburbs? Indeed I won't—so there! Husband (who wants to economise)—My dear, a pretty woman like you never looks so charming as when sitting in a phaeton at a suburban railway station waiting for her husband!

She went.

A Holiday Benefit.

Skelton—I called on you yesterday, doctor, and you were out. Doctor—I was taking a holiday. How are you feeling? Skelton—Oh, I felt splendid while you were away!—London Mail.

Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius.—Buffon.

Curious Geological Shiftings.

Although in the geological past vast changes of level occurred on the borders and even in the center of continents, it is a debated question whether at present similar elevations and subsidences can be detected. The frequently repeated statement that the coasts of Massachusetts and New Jersey are perceptibly sinking has been often disputed, the apparent subsidence being ascribed to simple changes of shore line. Nevertheless some curious records kept in Europe seem to indicate that actual fluctuations of the level of the land may occasionally be observed. In the valley of the Main a church tower hidden behind a mountain across has since 1861 gradually risen into plain view from the chateau of Strossendorf, and still farther in the same direction another church tower, which began to be visible from Strossendorf eighty years ago, is now clearly seen above the horizon and is said to rise higher as time goes on. Similar records exist in Bohemia, in Switzerland, in Spain and in the French Jura.—Harper's.

An English Billion.

In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced, but no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute, but let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so and was counting still. Had such a thing been possible he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion. To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years 342 days 5 hours 20 minutes, provided that he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years 319 days 10 hours 45 minutes in which to complete the task.

Saw a Profit.

The artistic temperament often leads toward poverty, but it frequently compensates its victim with a saving grace of humor which makes even the poverty a source of fun. A young woman who was possessed of the temperament and had given up everything else for it suddenly sold a picture for a considerable sum and made haste to apply the proceeds as a first payment on a small cottage she had long desired. The former owner attempted to advise her about the neighbors.

"Now, that couple next door," he said warningly, "they are right good neighbors, friendly and all that, but keep your eyes open. If they see a chance to make a hundred dollars out of you they won't hesitate to do it."

"Fine, fine!" cried the young woman. "I'm going over now and see if I can't get them to do it on shares."

An Editor Extinguished.

Here is a story of a bumptious editor, told in W. H. Riding's "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." The editor sat beside Mr. Gladstone at a dinner party.

"I received a note from you a few days ago," said Mr. Gladstone pleasantly.

"From me? Not from me. I am sure you didn't. You may have had one from my secretary."

Mr. Gladstone, though clearly hurt, nodded his head gently in acquiescence, and the conversation went on, Mr. Gladstone taking a predominant share. But the editor was not allowed to get a word in edgewise for the rest of the evening. Mr. Gladstone would neither see him nor hear him, and, except to himself, he was nonexistent.

Rats as They Feed.

Rats fly as soon as darkness begins. They live on such insects as are then on the wing—gnats, mosquitoes, moths and beetles. The service they give to vegetation, even in temperate climates, is considerable. Some hot countries could not be inhabited but for them. Most of the race are miscellaneous in their feeding and not very delicate in their taste. They devour indiscriminately all animal substances, whether raw or dressed and in any state.

A Study in Anatomy.

"Mamma, what part of the body is the trombone?"

"No part of the body, my dear."

"Yes, it is, because it says in the paper here that last night while returning from the symphony concert Professor Gridel fell and broke his trombone."

The Eternal Impulse.

Fair Suffragette—And now if any one who has heard my speech wishes to ask a question I shall be happy to answer. Masculine Voice (from rear of hall)—If you haven't any other company, may I see you home this evening?—Judge.

Wise Dogs.

"Why is it that the dog is always referred to as the most intelligent animal?"

"Because he knows how to get a good living without doing any work," replied the horse.—New Orleans Picayune.

Her Brand.

"That prima donna may be a little ancient," said the enthusiastic man, "but she's a peach."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "a preserved peach."—Washington Star.

Pleasure appeals to the senses alone, but happiness appeals to the spirit, and it is created by love and good will.

Penance

A Man Decides to Steal and Suffers For the Theft

By HENRY MELLARY

Here I am in prison for a crime I have confessed, but have not committed. And yet the most difficult task I have is to keep the one who would suffer by exonerating me from doing so. I have been sent up for seven years and shall probably serve all of the term except what I may get off by good behavior—that is, unless the true story is divulged.

It came about in this way: I met Marcia at a barn dance. I was a farm hand and she the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the county. There was that between us when we first saw each other to make us great happiness or great trouble, and whether it was in this or in that or what it was I can't say. I only know that we were like the poles of the magnet—drawn together by a power far beyond that of the greatest magnet—for it was not a senseless, but a living force.

We danced together many times, and when the dawn was breaking I was her escort to her home. As I went with her up the walk to the house, a great white structure with an L, for the many things a farmer needs and noticed the huge barn full of grain, a

I WAS CAUGHT WITH THE ARTICLES ON ME.

chill came upon my heart, for I saw that they were a barrier between me and the girl who would inherit them at her father's death.

When I parted from her I think we were both dwelling on this, for a cloud passed over her young brow as well as over mine. Nevertheless a thrill ran through our clasped hands, overpowering our fears.

Marcia did not invite me to the house, knowing that her father, who at least intended to guard her from such as I, would not permit me to come there. But she met me on the bridge, which was midway between her home and the village, where she often went. Down the river bank was a secluded path on which we could walk without fear of detection. Though pricked by conscience, I was not strong enough to conquer myself or her and go away from her, for I had not even a good suit of clothes, and was she not an heiress?

For awhile, despite the wrong of it, there were flashes of zest in this forbidden fruit and times when all but our dominant love faded for the moment and left us exquisite happiness. But there came a time when those periods during which we were apart were unbearable. We were drawing near that condition when pentup love must burst its barriers. It was Marcia who first proposed flight, though I had been thinking of it. The conditions could not remain as they were. Some one who knew would tell; Marcia would be shut up; our communication would be broken. And so at last we came to the inevitable conclusion that we must go away together, be married and when the knot had been tied would ask for giveness.

Looking back on this period, it seems to me that I must have been demented. I, a pauper, had no right to woo the daughter of a rich man, certainly no right to consent to an elopement to gain that which I could not gain honorably. I was a thief as much as or more than one who starves and steals bread or the wherewithal to buy bread. I was hungry for love, while the starving thief needs that which keeps the life in his body. But I yielded, and now I am paying the penalty.

And yet am I paying a penalty? There is in me a pleasing sense of doing penance for my sin. Is it for the sin? No; it is for her I love. I glory in my suffering, since I know that I have saved her from what I could not bear to have brought upon her.

If we were to go away together we should have gone sooner. Farmer Hosmer got wind of something wrong and shut Marcia up. He did not know where the danger lay and had never seen me. Indeed, I had purposely kept out of his way, for I dreaded to meet him. Marcia's imprisonment made me desperate, and then—and then—

One night when all was still and dark, carrying a ladder, I went to the Hosmer farm, stood under Marcia's window and threw gravel lightly against the panes. Softly she raised the sash and looked out. I ran up the ladder and was about to ask her if she would go with me when she said:

"Heavens! What are you doing? Father drove to the county seat today and is expected home every minute!"

As she spoke there was a sound of wheels crunching on gravel almost under the window. Marcia, frantic, pulled me in.

"The ladder!" I exclaimed. "He will see it."

He did see it, for I heard the wagon stop directly under the window, and certain mutterings that told me I would be caught in Marcia's room.

Then a certain coolness came to me, from where I know not, and a resolution was taken to save Marcia from a stain.

"Get into bed," I said, "and pretend to sleep."

She obeyed me, and, gathering up a few trinkets on the bureau, a bracelet, two or three rings and some gold pins, I stuffed them in my pocket, opened the bedroom door and went downstairs. Ten minutes later I was caught with the articles on me and confessed myself a sneak thief.

I was placed in the wagon that had just come from the county seat and at once driven there and lodged in jail. I was a newcomer in that region, and none of the Hosmer family except Marcia had ever seen me. Even had I been seen it would not have mattered.

The local newspaper at the end of the week published a short item as to the capture of a thief who had boldly climbed to the window of Miss Hosmer's room, stolen some articles from her bureau without awaking her and, retreat being cut off by Mr. Hosmer, who opportunely arrived in time, tried to escape through the house. He was caught red handed, confessed and was lodged in jail. The item added a warning to farmers against the practice of employing itinerant farm hands during the harvest season lest they harbor crooks. "Miss Hosmer," the article said in closing, "on learning of the danger she had incurred, became hysterical and has not yet recovered from her fright."

For several days Marcia gave me no news of herself, and when she did she came to me. Then I knew that she had neither the physical strength nor self-control to have come before. But at last, manifesting an interest in the welfare of the man who was supposed to have robbed her, she declared that she would see him, and if he were penitent she would forgive him and do all she could to save him from the consequences of his theft. She insisted on coming alone and was permitted to see me without others being present.

She begged me to consent to her confessing the truth, but I forbade her. In the first place, it would wreck her good name and I would have the sin upon my conscience. I persuaded her to let the matter proceed as it had begun, encouraging her to hope that some guardian angel would bring all right in good time.

I was soon tried, and, since I had not only confessed, but had been caught with stolen articles on my person, I pleaded guilty, and the court gave me a comparatively light sentence. And now I am in stripes at what is called hard labor. But my heart is not heavy since what I bear has been instrumental in saving my love from an obloquy that would have resulted from my own recklessness. My suffering is that she suffers. She comes to see me, sometimes with the knowledge of her parents, but oftener when they know nothing of her visits. Every time she comes she begs me to consent to her making a confession, and every time I persuade her to wait for some other means of giving me my freedom.

Six years later. I have done a great work. For five years I succeeded in persuading Marcia to refrain from telling the truth concerning me and by good behavior reduced my sentence, so that a year ago I stepped forth a free man. A few months before the expiration of my term Farmer Hosmer died, his wife having died soon after my incarceration, and Marcia became mistress of the fortune she inherited as sole heir. After her father's death she came openly to the prison to see me and gave out that as soon as I had served my term she would marry me. In this she would not yield, saying that, since I had become a convict to shield her, it was but little for her to have the name of wedding a convict.

And so on the day I regained my freedom after putting off my stripes and putting on good clothes sent me by Marcia I stepped from the prison door into a carriage beside my bride and was driven to a church, where we were made one.

I wish that for my wife's sake I could remove the stain resting upon me without putting a stain upon her. This cannot be, but I feel that Providence has enabled me to become an example to other convicts, showing how one may live, maintain his self respect and prosper in spite of having worn stripes. They do not know that I am innocent of the crime for which I was convicted, so my example has its full force. And have I not said that in attempting to steal Farmer Hosmer's daughter my crime was far greater than in stealing the trinkets for which I was convicted?

And so, though she and I live under a cloud, we feel that we are encouraging hosts of others who have fallen to stand again and push forward. When they hear of us their burden is lighter, and they have a better chance to succeed. Why should they look back, and why should they not look forward? Many of them, starting innocent, were driven by a merciless fate to commit a crime so light that it is scarcely worthy to be called a sin.

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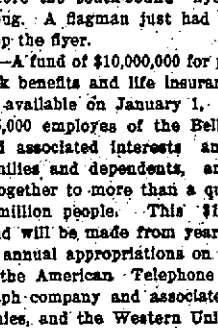

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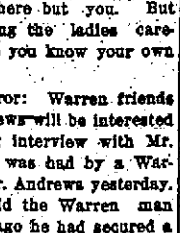

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The weather, it will have been observed, changes almost as rapidly as the styles.

—"Hell's Playground" is the title of a new book. It must be a story of New York City.

—Reports with regard to the price that will be commanded by turkey at Thanksgiving time and thereafter suggests that some other accompaniment of the cran-berry sauce may be more prevalent if less popular.

—The license of the Bradford Brewing Co. has been transferred to Peter F. McCool, of Butler, Pa., who has purchased the plant and will conduct that business in the future.

—The only safe place to kiss a woman is on her photograph, says a Minneapolis physician. It certainly bars many complications that will suggest themselves to the initiated.

—Two daughters of Annie Nelson, aged 4 and 2 1-2 years were suffocated by gas at their home in Philadelphia last week. The children had been left in a room to sleep and had turned on the gas but did not know how to light it.

—A terrible railroad wreck was narrowly averted at Larabee on Wednesday of last week. Some freight cars were let in on the main track shortly before the south-bound flyer came along. A flagman just had time to stop the flyer.

—A fund of $10,000,000 for pensions, sick benefits and life insurance will be available on January 1, for the 175,000 employes of the Bell system and associated interests and their families and dependents, amounting altogether to more than a quarter of a million people. This $10,000,000 fund will be made from year to year by annual appropriations on the part of the American Telephone & Telegraph company and associated companies, and the Western Union Telegraph company and the Western Electric company. This is an excellent idea and is very commendable. However, this company can well afford to pension its employes, judging from the way they are raising the rates in this vicinity, in some instances at least.

—Misfortune seems to follow the family of Mr. and Mrs. Ross G. Langworthy. Their home at Custer City was burned to the ground on Wednesday of last week and Mrs. Langworthy was so badly burned while fighting the flames to save their four children, that she was taken to the Bradford hospital for treatment. Although seriously burned it is believed she will recover. The contents of the house are a total loss. It could not be learned how the fire started. Two years ago while living in Kushequa their home was burned to the ground and a three-year-old son was cremated. Only a few months ago Mr. Langworthy recovered from an illness of nearly a year's duration and was several times believed to be near death's door.

—The indictment against William Schroeder, the Lackawanna engineer, charged with manslaughter in the second degree following the wreck of a passenger train near Corning on the morning of July 4, has been dismissed in county court in Hornell. The district attorney stated that he did not have sufficient evidence to convict.

—An excursion party from a prominent women's club in Chicago had gone to a rural part of the State, and in default of sufficient hotel accommodations, some of the members were obliged to seek quarters in a nearby farm house, says Harper's. Everything was simplicity itself, although scrupulously clean and homelike. But, as would be expected, there was a natural absence of some of the luxuries of high-priced city hotels. Retiring time came and some of the ladies discovered that there were no keys in the locks of their rooms, and consulted the farmer's wife. That good woman was undisguisedly surprised. "Why," she said, "we don't usually lock our doors here, and there's no one here but you. But then," scrutinizing the ladies carefully, "I suppose you know your own party best.

—Warren Mirror: Warren friends of John M. Andrews will be interested in the following interview with Mr. Andrews, which was had by a Warren man with Mr. Andrews yesterday. Mr. Andrews told the Warren man that some time ago he had secured a nice position at Jersey City. In accepting the position he had told them of the trouble that he had had here, and they agreed to give him the position anyway. In about three weeks they called him into the office and told him that it had become too hot for them, they must let him go. In leaving them one of the directors of the company called him into the office and gave him a letter to a man named Copperthwait, whose office is on Wall street. Copperthwait interviewed Andrews when he called and heard the story of the Andrews case. He then ushered Andrews into the office of J. P. Morgan. Mr. Morgan heard the story and said, "Well, this must stop some place. It might as well stop here. Don't be afraid to tell who you are or who you are working for. We can stand it." Andrews is now working for the Morgan-Ryan Public Utilities Company of New York City, and has an office in the Morgan Building on Wall street. The position pays an excellent salary, and Andrews occupies a position as appraiser for the various companies of the combination, as well as handling stocks and bonds.

—Mt. Jewett Herald: Mrs. Eliof Carlson, of Marvindale, was found dead in her bed at that place Tuesday morning by her husband, on his return from the night shift in the chemical factory nearby. The deceased was but 29 years of age, and had retired the previous night apparently in her usual health. When her husband entered the house about six o'clock next morning he called to his wife to awaken her, and receiving no response proceeded to her bed-room on the second story where he found her lying on the bed dead, with her two-year-old daughter asleep on her arm. Mrs. Carlson was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shelander, of Marvindale, and is survived by her parents, her husband and three children. Coroner Sherman was notified and journeyed from Bradford to Marvindale Tuesday afternoon, where he viewed the remains and circumstances, rendering the opinion that death was due to heart failure.

CHESTNUT BLIGHT

Work of the Chestnut Tree Blight Commission in Centre County, Pa.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—Recently there has been certain criticism in the press of the work of the Chestnut Tree Blight Commission in Centre county, which is both ridiculous and without foundation. A field agent had examined a tract of timber supposed at the time to belong to Mr. W. R. Bierly, of Rebersburg, and on finding certain chestnut trees infected with the blight disease, had given him the usual twenty days' notice to cut down the diseased trees and destroy all infected material around the stumps, as is the usual procedure. Mr. Bierly refused to cut the diseased trees and wrote a formal protest, which the Commission was somewhat surprised to find was intended to be in the nature of an appeal, based on the contention that the tract did not belong to him.

At the same time various incorrect and absurd statements were made as to the effectiveness of the Commission's work, the cause of the chestnut blight disease, etc. Because of these things it seems only fair to present here a correct statement of the whole matter from the standpoint of the Commission itself, and afterward pay no further attention to the matter, as the whole thing is really a very simple affair.

In accordance with Mr. Bierly's so called appeal and because of the requirements of the Legislative Act, experts were instructed to make a second investigation of the tract and the fact appears to be that it was not technically in his possession at the time, though payments had been made showing that he expected to be the owner.

In the meantime the actual owner, Mrs. Anna M. Greninger, who resides on the tract and holds the deed, had done a part of the work of removing infections as a result, curiously enough, of a letter from Mr. Bierly himself, in which he stated, "The best way is to have them cut down and made into firewood at once." On October 29th, after re-inspection of the tract by the experts specially detailed for that purpose, Mrs. Greninger was informed that the previous inspection of the work of removing the infections was correct, and that the completion must be done. The work was completed October 30th.

So far as this particular tract is concerned, therefore, there is nothing further to be done. Everything has been carried out just as the Chestnut Tree Blight Commission expected it would be. At last report no infections have yet been found on land actually owned by Mr. Bierly. If such should be found, however, on his or any other tract in that vicinity or anywhere in the county, it is expected that the removal of diseased trees will be made promptly and exactly within the twenty day period allowed. The disease is so destructive and spreads so rapidly that no time can be lost, and the Commission cannot afford to give a single day of leeway after the expiration of a twenty days' notice.

As to the theory of worms causing the disease, nothing has been better established than the fact that it is caused by a parasitic fungus, in which worms are in no way concerned whatever, except that after the disease is once established, the larvae (worms) of certain insects may carry the disease from infected to healthy portions, but the disease itself is in no way connected with any kind of insect or any other animal. It will occur in young trees with smooth bark where there is no indication at all of the work of any kind of insect. It is found true, however, that insects follow the disease, working in the dead portions of the tree which have already been killed by the fungus parasite.

The Commission has been pleased as a rule with the hearty co-operation given by chestnut tree owners generally throughout the State. On account of this co-operation, there is little doubt now that over one-half of the entire State will be rid of this disease by January 1, 1913.

M. A. CARLETON, Mgr.

ACT OF HEROISM

Mrs. Clark Saved Husband's Life by Prompt Measures

A dwelling house located at No. 89 Amm street owned by Gus Herbig and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Clark, was badly damaged by fire at about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. The flames were so rapid that it was impossible to save anything. The occupants were obliged to leave the burning structure in their night clothing.

Mrs. Clark ran to the street corner and sent in an alarm from box 48. She hastened back to the house and succeeded in rescuing her husband, who is a victim of locomotor ataxia. The latter was taken out of the front upstairs window to the roof of the veranda where he remained until he was assisted to the ground by firemen. Mrs. Clark was badly burned about her hands in trying to save her husband's life.

The firemen reached the scene promptly and within a few moments had the flames under control. No damage was done to the houses on either side.

Mr. Clark is unable to explain the origin of the fire as there were no lights in the house and no fires in the stoves. He estimates his loss at $900, partly covered by insurance.—Bradford Era.

WEIGHT OF A TRAIN.

The Dining Car Alone, Ready For Service, Weighs 140,000 Pounds.

The heaviest of all the cars in a "limited" train is the dining car, which is ordinarily of a weight in excess of the other cars by 10,000 or 15,000 pounds. Between the car construction and the necessary kitchen equipment and ice-box contents, a full size standard dining car tips the scales at 140,000 pounds when ready to make its customary division run.

Therefore, on the principle that in case of collision a passenger is safer in the strong, heavy couch in the center of a vestibuled train, the dining car is a good place to remain.

A sixteen section sleeping car may weigh from 110,000 to 125,000 pounds, while the buffet-library car of the transcontinental type comes next in weight at 107,000 pounds. The baggage car, weighing 85,000 pounds, may be the lightest in a train, but the postal car next to it weighs on an average 103,600 pounds, a reclining chair car is full weight at 87,000 pounds, while the ordinary passenger coach weighs 93,000 pounds.

With a locomotive and tender weighing 260,000 pounds, one may estimate by these figures the enormous weight of some of the through modern railway trains of seven cars.—New York Press.

WATCH HER AT DINNER.

A Parisian Gourmet's Way of Getting at a Woman's Age.

A Parisian gourmet thinks he has discovered an infallible method for getting out a woman's age—watch her at dinner.

If she goes through every course, chattering all the time, and is equal to an ice after dessert, not to mention chocolates and crystallized fruits, she is still in her teens.

If she makes a good start with the hors d'oeuvres, does well with the caviar, salmon and such delicacies, but shows no interest in the rest of the meal, she is between twenty and thirty and married.

When she declines every other kind of game, but takes some pheasant, she has passed thirty, but has not yet reached thirty-five.

After thirty-five she dotes on every kind of game, the more highly flavored the better.

If at the end of dinner she takes cheese, showing special partiality for the odorous Camembert, then, says the Parisian observer, there can be no manner of doubt about it—she is a lady of uncertain age.—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

The Oil in Cloves.

Cloves are simply the dried flower buds of a beautiful evergreen tree growing naturally on the Spice islands. These flower buds are gathered when they have become of a bright red and are just on the point of opening. The name comes from the resemblance of the prepared spice to small nails, from the French word clou, for nail. Cloves are very heavily charged with a pungent, acrid, volatile oil, as much as 20 per cent sometimes being extracted. This oil is valuable for flavoring and scenting purposes and has a limited field in medicine, but the habit of "eating cloves," in which young folks and too often old ones indulge, is very reprehensible, as the oil is a powerful drug, becoming in many cases an insidious poison.

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

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Everything in the Drug Line

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We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Fall to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

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Big Double Clothing House

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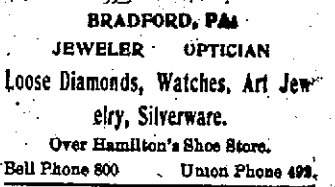

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1912

President-elect Wilson has announced that he will call an extra session of Congress to meet on April 15, next, to take up a revision of the tariff. Mr. Wilson proposes to keep the pledges of his party in regard to lowering the tariff.

Pennsylvania is free from debt. Despite the slanders of partisan malcontents concerning the manner in which the State has been managed under Republican rule; despite Governor Wilson's campaign flings at it, there is now nothing outstanding against it that is not provided for in the sinking fund, and more than provided for. There is, indeed, after every last dollar of indebtedness has been accounted for, a balance of almost $119,000 on the credit side of the ledger.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Balkan war has shifted for a time from the field of arms to that of diplomacy. It may be that the war is near to an end. Plenipotentiaries for the belligerent powers will meet today at the village of Hademkeui, a few miles outside the capital, for a preliminary discussion of the terms of an armistice. In the meantime the Turkish, Bulgarian and Servian commanders have ordered a cessation of hostilities, although cannonading, which Nazim Pasha reports as unimportant, occurred yesterday morning.

The Virginia Supreme Court of appeals Monday denied the writ of error in the cases of Floyd and Claude Allen, who were to be electrocuted Friday morning. Governor Mann on Tuesday postponed the execution from November 22 to December 13th. The reprieve was granted so that Claude Allen might make an appeal to the United States Court on the ground that his life had twice been placed in jeopardy. Governor Mann said the stay of execution was granted upon request of Judge Staples before whom the Allens were tried.

That John Schrank, who shot Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on the night of October 4 last is insane will be the substance of an unanimous report of the five alienists appointed by Judge A. C. Backus to examine into the prisoner's mental condition, was the statement of a court official Tuesday afternoon. Judge Backus stated today that the report probably would not be presented to the court until Thursday. Presuming that Schrank will be found insane, it will be impossible to try him on the charge of attempting to kill Colonel Roosevelt. The only alternative is confinement in the hospital for criminal insane at Oshkosh.

The leaders of the Republican party have decided that it is unwise to call a meeting of the national committee to choose a successor to the late vice president, James S. Sherman, on the Republican ticket. Ever since election a discussion has been going on at Republican national headquarters on this question. It was argued in favor of the project that a complimentary nomination might be made as a tribute to a prominent Republican. On the other hand, it was pointed out that it was ridiculous to call a meeting at Chicago of the fifty-three members of the committee to select a candidate who would receive eight or, at most, twelve electoral votes.

In two cases involving the administration of the postoffice department by the law relating to second-class privilges, the supreme court upheld Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock. The cases involved his action in denying the second class privileges to New York publishers who sought to transmit through the mails at the lower rate novels or books published in magazine form, published at state intervals, but carrying a single running story or a series of stories, one the sequel of the other, the aggregate forming a single book. The court holds that such publications are not "periodicals" but "books" and being so classified should pay the higher rate. The publishers involved were Street & Smith and Frank Tousey. The publications denied the classification that entitled them to the cheaper rate of postage as second class matter were the Tip Top Weekly and Work and Win.

PREPARE FOR WAR

Secretary Oliver Has a Plan to Prepare Citizen Soldiers for Use

One of the most important moves in recent years to prepare the national militia for use in time of war, is provided for in a general order issued by Secretary Oliver to all the states and territories, inviting their co-operation in the war college plans, organization of the militia into sixteen tactical divisions.

The letters point out that if the militia is to be used as a field force effectively in war time it can only be done by this system of divisions and that to insure the proper working of the plan all of the details should be worked out in time of peace.

In the outline for the sixteen divisions no place is given to separate companies of infantry, which it is said should be absorbed into regiments or other larger organizations. Field armies would be informed by the grouping of two or more divisions of the militia or by combining one or two divisions of militia with one of regular troops. Regular organizations would form the fourth brigade of any divisions assigned to a field army, for the reason that the organized militia is localized while the regular army must go anywhere upon call.

Some money will be available for the assistance of the state authorities. The war department also proposes detail inspector-instructors to assist state officials and war material for the militia will be distributed and stored in suitable depots to be at hand locally when mobilization is ordered.

General Oliver plans to have the first four of the sixteen tactical divisions composed entirely of regular troops with the District of Columbia militia assigned to duty as regulars.

The remaining divisions would be composed of state militia organizations, among them, the following:

Fifth, headquarters, Boston; Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Sixth, headquarters, Albany, N. Y.

Seventh, headquarters, Harrisburg, Pa.

Nine other divisions so apportioned as to cover the entire United States.

Under the comprehensive scheme, every military organization in the United States is definitely placed in just the station it would occupy in event of a sudden mobilization of the army for war purposes.

SAFE HUNTING RULES.

Some Excellent Hints Given Out By Prof. Surface.

Ever since the hunting season has opened the newspapers have contained many accounts of serious gunning accidents, which for the most part, could have been avoided by observing well known precautionary measures in the use of firearms. Prof. H. A. Surface, State Economic Zoologist, offers certain "Safe Rules" to be followed while hunting. It will be observed that almost every recorded accident is due to ignoring one or more of these rules:

1. Always keep the gun pointed from yourself and other persons.

2. Carry the gun with the end pointed either upward, toward the sky, or downward, toward the ground. Never sweep the horizon with it. If accidentally discharged while in the former position no harm is likely to result, but if discharged while held horizontally it may result seriously.

3. In getting over logs or fences always see that the gun is first put over and in a solid position where it will not fall. Then go to another place to climb over, and pick up the weapon with the end pointing where it should.

4. Never pull or draw a gun toward yourself by the muzzle, especially in wagons, boats, over fences, logs, etc.

5. Do not load the gun until after leaving the house, and draw the loads (or remove the caps, if a muzzle loader, and watch that no percussion is left on the tube) as soon as leaving the hunting grounds.

6. Never keep a loaded gun around the house or tent, and do not leave a loaded weapon where it may be knocked down by dogs or children.

7. Do not carry the gun cocked excepting when alert for the game to rise.

Do not shoot into moving bushes or in the direction of a noise without being sure the desired game is there and seeing it for certainty. The movement or noise may be caused by some person or domesticated stock.

9. Watch the muzzle of the gun that no mud, snow, or other material flies it, and do not load as heavily with white or nitro powder as with black powder. This may prevent accidents from bursting.

10. Do not start a fire in the woods without first providing against its spreading and do not leave it burning under any circumstances.

11. Do not wound game and leave it to suffer and die of its injuries. Better to spend an hour searching for a winged bird than to let it remain and suffer for a day or two before relieved by a merciful death.

12. Do not shoot protected birds or animals. There is a reason for protecting them. Find what it is and you will agree that the law is generally correct in giving them a protective season.

13. If you are going for fun only it is not necessary to carry a gun. Take a camera or a field glass instead. Or take a book, a pencil and paper, or a target, and go to the nearest grove.

14. If going for game, go alone or with experienced hunters only carry what is essential. Hunt with the back to the sun, slowly and quietly, and in such places and at such time of day as experience has taught that the particular kind of game sought is to be found.

15. Do not hunt for "anything." This generally results in nothing. Different kinds of game are to be found in different places and at varying times of day, according to the species sought. Decide before starting out as to the kind of game to be hunted and the region to be visited.

16. Ascertain if farms or premises are "posted" or hunting is forbidden, and keep out of trouble by either avoiding them or by asking the owners for permission to hunt on those portions where no damage to livestock may result.

17. If fences are knocked down in climbing over them take time to fix them up properly. Leave gates and bars just as they were found. If open leave them so, as that is evidently what the owner wants, but if closed be sure to close and fasten them as before.

18. Be satisfied with a fair share of game and do not try to exceed the legal limit or to kill all that may be found just because it may be there.

USING NON-UNION FIDDLES.

Chicago Union Musicians Caught With the Goods—Down With Amati, Strad and Guarnerius!

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 13.—Members of the Musicians' union have made the startling discovery that some of the local union violinists were sawing daily on fiddles that were made by non-union workmen, foreigners, at that. In meeting yesterday the charge was made that Cremona violins were known to be in use in Chicago, and the man who made the discovery had noted that they did not contain the union label. One of the union men present at the meeting where the subject was brought up said that he had a Stradivarius for which he paid $750 and he asked what the union meant to do about it. Some member asked if it were union made, but the fiddling member, A. B. Dillon, said that inasmuch as the fiddle was built about the year 1700 he had no data on the subject.

"I move that the complaint be laid on the table," said Dillon. "I play an instrument that cost me $750. It is a Strad, and I would not change it for 10,000 union labels. I would not give it for a carload of union labeled instruments."

"The position of the delegate is untenable," replied Delegate Solicit of the Piano Makers' union. "It is preposterous to suppose that union men cannot make as good an instrument as non-union men."

Wanted—A girl for general house work family of three. Geo. J. Chase, Cemetery St., Smethport, Pa.

The Republican Tells of the First of the Species at Kane

Kane had a glimpse of a real show "Johnny" last night. The sort that frequent the stage doors of every big theatre.

When Joseph M. Gaites' musical comedy, "The Three Twins," which visited this city last evening, appeared at one of the leading Toronto Theatres two weeks ago, Marie Sabbott, one of the leads who appears in the last act, captivates the audience in her song and dance, the "Yama Yama Man," won the admiration of a Toronto University Freshman, by her charming and graceful manner, which lead the young man to give up his studies for the time being and witness the production each night since, occupying a box seat at every performance.

When he entered the theatre here last evening he attracted many as he took his seat in the right hand box, removing his opera glasses from his pocket and placing himself into position to get a good view of the stage and the little actress every time she appeared before the footlights.

Up to last evening the smitten young fellow had neither presented his card nor himself for proper introduction and whether he knows that the object of his affection is married and has two children is a question.

P. S. The above may sound like a press agent's fairy tale, but it is not.

Capital Chandelier Crashes to Floor.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 14—While one of the big chandeliers in the hall of the House of Representatives was being lowered out of place today in order to provide a better view of the paintings of Edwin A. Abbey, the ropes broke, and the fixture, weighing 3000 pounds, crashed to the floor. Although it fell twenty feet it was not badly damaged. It will now be stored away in the basement.

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WHY SHOULD I BUY My Clothing of Kleinhans ? Buffalo

1st—Because their tremendous business gives them a big advantage in buying their goods, thus enabling them to save you from $2.50 to $5.00 on any garment you select.

2nd—Because owing to their large stocks they are able to carry every size and proportion in suits and overcoats, thus enabling you to get a perfect fit without delay.

3rd—Because they refund railroad fares 40 miles round trip on purchases of $25.00, and 80 miles round trip on purchases of $50.00; thus enabling you to visit them without expense.

THE Kleinhans Co
Buffalo's Greatest Clothiers
Main, Clinton and Washington Sts.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Thursday, November 21, 1912
THE NEW YORK AMUSEMENT CO., Presents
NEW YORK'S LATEST SUCCESS
THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE
A high class Society Comedy Drama.
The most complete and interesting play in years. Companion play to "THE THIEF." First time. At popular prices. Seats on sale at Well's.
PRICES 25c, 35c and 50c

Agency for Ladies Home Journal Patterns

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All purchases delivered within 100 miles Free of Charge. Railroad fares refunded to out of town customers.

GREAT SALE OF GLOVES

The biggest Glove Bargains of the year are in this Annual Sale. Only standard qualities, fully guaranteed, are here at these prices. Lay in your winter supply now.

MEN'S GLOVE BARGAINS

$1.25 GLOVES, 95c
Men's Grey Suede Gloves—fleece lined. Regular $1.25 value for 95c.

$2.00 GLOVES, $1.39
Men's Warm Gloves, made of selected quality cape stock and lined with a seamless knit wool lining; a good-looking, comfortable glove for cold weather. Regular $2 value. Sale price, $1.39.

WOMEN'S GLOVE BARGAINS

$2.00 GLOVES, $1.29
Best quality real kid piqué sewn gloves, one and two-clasps, Paris point and three and four row embroidered backs, to be had in assorted tans, black, with self and white backs, and white. Regular price, $2.00. Sale price, $1.29.

$1.25 and $1.50 GLOVES, 98c
Two-clasp, lightweight overseam and medium weight piqué sewn Glace Gloves, made with heavily embroidered and Paris point backs, in tans, grey, black and white. Regular $1.25 and $1.50 values, for 98c.

CHILDREN'S GLOVE BARGAINS

50c GLOVES, 39c
Children's Rough Rider Gauntlet Gloves, fleece lined with or without star on cuff. Regular 50c gloves, for 39c.

50c MITTENS, 39c
Children's Genuine Mocha Mittens—fleece lined, grey and brown, regular 50c values, now 39c pair.

Main Floor, Glove Dept.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money will be Refunded

GOTHAM MODEL

You know that Regals look as a gentleman's shoes should look.

You have a pretty strong notion that they are well-built of good materials.

You have intended for a long time to give Regals a trial.

Then begin now with this GOTHAM MODEL.

Moderate heel and toe, roomy and comfortable—but Beau Brummel himself would be proud to wear it.

It will give the wear and satisfaction that have built Regal soles up into the millions.

Black Smooth King Calf Blucher, stout sole.
Price, $4.00

REGALS

H. W. RUBIN,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

FREE
One Demonstrator
Safety Razor
To every purchaser of one pack of
U S R BLADES
25c per pack---5 U S R Blades.
CHAS. W. MASSER
SMETHPORT, PA.

RESILIO

Is recognized as the greatest substitute for air in automobile tires yet discovered.

It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.

During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.

For prices and other particulars inquire of
PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

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Brand New Stock. Save 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Watch our Window.
Some of the New Up-to-Date Gifts We Offer Are

Jewel Cases	Stationery	Perfumes
Hand Bags [adult and infant]	Post-card Albums	Cigars
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Collar Boxes	Cigar Trays	Portfolios
Cuff Boxes	Ash Trays	Scrap Books
Sewing Boxes	Toilet Sets [ebony, stag, etc.]	Paper Knives
Infant Sets	Tourist Sets	Holly Wreaths
Post-card Boxes	Cloth Brush Sets	Cigar Cases
Necktie Boxes	Manicure Sets	Novelty Gift Boxes
Work Boxes	Mirrors	Holly Sprays
Music Rolls	Baby Records	Post-cards
Card Holders	Xmas Garlands	Gift Books

We have bought these right in the Chicago market and will give our patrons the benefit of our low prices. Wait for our display! It will be worth your time and save you money.

WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

Advertise in the Miner.

STANDARD PATTERNS

Phone No. 46 if you are in a hurry.

MASSER & GREGORY

OUR THIS SEASON'S MILLINERY

You must be interested in millinery—Every lady is.

We have a good selection of velvet and felt shapes, feathers and trimmings, all in the latest winter styles which fashion require.

Our trimmer can put in shape for you, your partly formed ideas—This service is anything but costly—yet it is appreciated by many ladies.

Favor us with a visit, it will mean a big saving to you.

Special prices on all millinery Friday and Saturday only.

$4.60 Felt and velvet shapes	$2 50
$3.50 Felt and velvet shapes	$2.00
$2.75 and $3.00 Felt and velvet shapes	$1.75
$1.75 Felt shapes	$1.25

ALL FEATHERS ⅓ OFF.

MASSER & GREGORY

SMETHPORT, PA.

Store closes at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

IRONING DAY

Is a pleasurs if you have one of our Akron Gas Irons. We put them out on three weeks trial, and have not had an iron come back yet. Easy to operate and can be attached to any jet.

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second-class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Those who work for the wages of sin never demand a union scale.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Heath on Saturday Nov. 16, 1912, a girl.

—Mrs Mollie Pierce is confined to her room at M. Heinlein's by illness.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Blomster on Monday, Nov. 18, 1912, a girl.

—Read the safety razor offer in Chas. W. Masser's advertisement this week.

—H. C Wells has a new Christmas advertisement in this issue which all should read.

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on East Main street last evening.

—Mrs. James McGuire entertained the bridge whist club at the Traveller's club house Tuesday evening.

F. H Reed, of the Bradford Garage had an automobile burn up on Red Rock hill last Saturday night.

—Under certain circumstances, wouldn't it be funny to see a man buying his wife's vote with a new hat?

—St Christopher's Guild will hold their annual fair and supper at St Luke's Parish House Wednesday, December 4th.

—Miss Bess Quinlisk entertained a party of young ladies at Bridge Whist at the Travellers' Club house last Thursday evening.

—Married at the rectory, Monday, Nov 18th, by Rev. W. E. VanDyke, Oscar E Gustafson and Josephine Carlson, of Kane, Pa.

—A German scientist says that Americans drink their beer too fast He might have added, also, that they drink it too often.

—The services to be held in the Baptist church on Sunday, Rev. R. J. Cunningham, pastor, are Sunday school at 11:45, preaching at 10.30 a. m, and 7.30 p. m.

—The following Thanksgiving Day services will be held in St Luke's church: Holy Communion 8:00 a. m., Morning Prayer 10:00 a m, Holy Communion and address 10:30 a. m.

—The Epworth League held a business and social meeting at the M. E. chapel last Thursday evening. Misses Iva Holder, Juva Chadwick and Norine and Helen Kidder served refreshments.

—Manicurists say that young women with long finger nails make the best wives. Maybe, but it has been our observation that women of that type usually see that their husband's are well trimmed.

—Miss Ruth Miller of this place, and Harry A. Taylor, of Bradford, were married at Limestone Sunday. The ceremony was performed by Shep Vibbard. The couple expect to make their home in Bradford.

—Two new street lights have been put in this week. One is back of the court house on King street and the other near the railroad tracks on Marvin street.

—The garage of E. N. Dana on Bradford, was burned last evening. His $1800 Overland and an E. M. F. belonging to Joseph Diem were also destroyed. Both cars and the garage were insured.

—The marriage of Miss Lillian Hoffman, of Hutchins, Pa, and Earl Chase, of this place, was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents yesterday morning, in the presence of the immediate relatives.

—A Boston clergyman says that in order to test his sweetheart a man ought to try walking across the parlor floor with muddy feet, and then note the effect on the girl Suppose, if she smiles it is a sign her mother does the housework.

—No one should miss the opportunity of seeing the Millionaire's Wife at the Smethport Lyceum, Thursday, November 21. This is a companion play to The Thief and is a simple story of everyday life. Many high-class specialties are introduced which add interest to an already interesting production. Adv.

—At Clay City, Ky, on Sunday former Sheriff William Bowen was shot and killed, and Henry Skidmore was shot and fatally wounded in a street duel at Filson, Powell county, to-day. Skidmore is said to have fired the bullet that killed Bowen. Rees Bowen, brother of the former sheriff, was charged with shooting Skidmore. The cause for the shooting is not known

—Georgia prison officials who had charge of two negroes of the same name and similar in appearance may have hanged one of them, who was convicted of burglary, for another who was sentenced to death for murder. The one who is still alive says they got the right man, and it must be admitted that thus far he seems to have the best of the argument.

—Mrs. Ida Colson, wife of Alex Colson, was found dead in her bed at her home near Marvindale on Tuesday moning of last week. The cause of her death was heart failure. This estimable woman is survived by her husband, one son and two daughters, her father and mother and two sisters and three brothers. The funeral services were held last Thursday afternoon and her remains were laid at rest in Kasson cemetery

—The jury in the case of Ernest Welch, charged with participation in the "tarring" of Minnie La Valley, at West Clarksfield, O., on the night of August 30, has returned a verdict of guilty of assault and battery Welch was the first to be tried of six men indicted on a charge of "riotous conspiracy." Miss La Valley was seized at night by masked men, who stripped off her clothes, stood her on her head and applied black paint.

—Caught in the collapse of a casket display case, George Newton, aged 70, was killed on Monday at Raleigh, N. C., in a local undertaking establishment whence he had gone to buy a coffin for the burial of his wife who had died a few hours before.

—Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. E. S. Beacom, pastor, will preach Sunday morning on the subject, "Seeing the Invisible." In the evening at 7:30 the subject will be "First Things" There will be a short song service in the evening. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

—Patrolman George Claus was shot dead Thursday night at the corner of Sears and Lovejoy streets, Buffalo, on the east side. The murder is believed to have been committed by [illegible] mask, trouble recently. The officer's revolver is missing.

—The annual fete of St. Elisabeth's will take place this year on Nov. 28, 29, and 30. Thursday evening the 28th, it will open with a grand dance Friday evening a local talent entertainment and Saturday there will be a Clam Chowder Supper at 5:30 p. m. in the church dining hall, after which the "Fair" will close with a dance and social time at the opera house. The committees have nearly all been appointed and are working hard to make all these occasions first-class in every respect.

—Bear in mind that every time you purchase a Red Cross Christmas Seal the little emblem of health, you are assisting some individual fight tuberculosis. If you buy a hundred or a thousand you are doing that much towards eliminating the dreaded White Plague, the greatest enemy of mankind. They will soon be on sale at the various business houses in your city. Make up your mind to purchase some, for the existence of Bon Air Sanatorium at Bells Camp, Penna., means much to you.

—The Millionaire's Wife will appear at Smethport Lyceum Thursday November 21. It has been reported here from different cities that this company is giving the best satisfaction. All special scenery and a selected cast. We have heard it was one great success At the Majestic Theatre, New York City, the company played 340 nights. Adv

—Joseph Bush, who killed James McNamara in a fight in Brooklyn September 29, has been sentenced to pay the widow $3 a week for one year in lieu of spending a year in jail. Bush thankfully agreed to carry out the decree, which was issued by Justice Crane in the supreme court, but Mrs. McNamara declared she wouldn't take a cent from her husband's slayer. Bush was directed to place the money in a savings bank to the widow's credit. A jury found Bush guilty in the third degree a few days ago.

—Mrs. Burress Moore, of Kane, was a guest of the Travellers' Club at their regular meeting last Saturday. Mrs. Moore is a very thorough student of Shakespeare and entertained the club for an hour with her article on "Shakespeare's Hamlet." Mrs. John Apple gave an introductory paper on "The Hamlet of History." Mrs. F. W. Brownell compiled a report of the State Federation of Pennsylvania women in Convention at Williamsport recently. The day was greatly enjoyed by a large number of Club members and a few out of town guests.

—The Millionaire's Wife with its intensity of dramatic scenes, brilliancy of dialogue and its mirth-provoking comedy characters, have made this play famous. It is a veritable revelation of the possibilities in modern stage development and a perfection in which the limit in realism is reached. It will be at the Smethport Lyceum, Thursday, November 21. Adv

—Edward Smith, aged about 50 years, was found dead in his apartment in the building at No. 134 Main street, at about noon on Sunday Coroner Sherman was notified and visited the scene. It appears that Mr. Smith was formerly a night watchman at the Emery Refinery About three weeks ago he became ill and had to leave his work. Since that time he had been in his room. Sunday about noon when an attache went to his room to get his order for dinner, he found the man dead, seated in a chair Deceased is survived by one daughter, Miss Ada Smith, of Mckees Rocks, Pa, and one son, Eugene Smith, of Warren, Pa —Bradford Era.

—The funeral, of D W. Johnson who died at his home in Bullis Mills on Tuesday of last week, was held at the County Home on Thursday last and his remains laid at rest in the cemetery there. He was aged 89 years and is survived by his wife While bringing the remains to this place last Wednesday evening Undertaker Herman Sasse had an unusual experience. Coming up Heinlein hill, near Farmers Valley, the king bolt broke releasing the horses and the front wheels. The animals ran away and were not found until the next morning. Mr. Sasse got another rig and brought the body through that evening. The horses when found the next morning were uninjured, except for a few small cuts and scratches.

—Charles Force, aged 17, of Britton Run, Crawford county, was so badly wounded last Saturday, that he died in the Corry hospital on Sunday. He was hunting in company with Ellwood Dorn, of about his own age. The youths had chased a rabbit into a brush heap and laid their guns down while they "kicked it out," a process known to local hunters, and which consists of jumping on the dry brush, the commotion and noise causing the rabbit to seek another refuge. While the young men were "jumping," the rabbit came out and Force grabbed for the gun of Dorn, which was the nearest to him. He was dragging it towards him by the muzzle when the triggers caught and it was discharged, the contents of one barrel lodging in his right side.

—The shooting of Sheriff W. J. Tomlinson, at Williamsport, was shot and fatally wounded Monday afternoon by Samuel A Keagle in the street in front of the Tomlinson office. Hill, who was aged 47, died on his way to the Williamsport Hospital. Keagle was armed with a rifle and revolver. He had been drinking, it is alleged, and was ordered out of the Tomlinson stable by Hill. The ill-fated bookkeeper followed him out and, without warning, Keagle sent a bullet into Hill's left breast near the heart. The murderer fled, but was overtaken by Charles H. Smith, a Pennsylvania Railroad policeman, who pounced upon him, knocked his revolver from his hand and made him a prisoner.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Adv.

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FRY & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. Excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

STORE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 28.

Linens For Thanksgiving.

How's the table linen supply? Ample? Got all the table cloths—tray cloths—napkins and other linens you'll need?

Beautiful, good, wholesome linens are indispensible to the Thanksgiving spread. A special purchase enables us to offer better values than usual this week.

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Sun bleaching has no effect on the yarn.

Cloths, the yard at 35c, 50c, 75, $1.00 and $1.25.
Napkins, the dozen at $1.35, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.50.
Pattern Sets Cloths 2½ to 3 yds. Napkins 22 inches. $5.75 to $6 50 per set.
Pattern Sets Round-cloths 72 in. Napkins 22 in. $10 00 per set.
Tray cloths each 35c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75.
Doilies, each 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Lunch cloths each $1.00, $1.50, $2 00 and up to 3.75.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

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Marooned

A Man Lived For Years Alone on an Island

By MILLARD MALTBIE

In Casco bay, on the coast of Maine, there are several hundred islands. The principal business of the natives of the islands is fishing.

One day some thirty years ago a couple of fishermen setting their nets for mackerel saw a ship bearing a flag they did not recognize cast anchor near one of the smaller islands. Presently a boat was lowered over the side and pulled to the shore. There were three men in the boat, two pulling the oars and one sitting in the stern. Landing, all three went into a wood growing near the shore, where they remained only a few minutes. Then two of them returned, got into the boat and rowed back to the ship. The anchor was pulled up, and she sailed away.

Curious to know something more of the matter, the fishermen when they had finished setting their net stopped at the island and looked about till they came upon a man sitting on the ground, leaning up against a tree. Beside him were a bottle of water and some ship's biscuit. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, his hair being partly gray. It was evident that he had been marooned on the island.

The fisherman asked him what he was doing there, but he evidently did not understand the English language, for he shook his head and replied in another tongue. They pointed to the mainland and asked him if he did not wish to go with them, but to this he also shook his head. It was some time before they could make up their minds to leave him there, and before they did gave him some matches and a fish, also some old blankets they had stored in their boat.

This incident occurred, as I have said, about thirty years ago. The marooned man built himself a hut on the island, in which he lived from that

HE TOOK FROM WITHIN THE BOUQUET A GLASS GLOBE.

time to this. But he never told how he came to be left there or where he hailed from. He did not even give his name. Indeed, his lips were sealed as to everything concerning his previous history. He was known as the marooned man of Ragged island. He made a boat for himself out of pieces of sparkling and planks that drifted on to the island and earned a living by catching lobsters and selling them.

Finally he died, and some persons went over from the mainland to bury him. They found his secret, or the main events pertaining to it, he having written it down during the last few weeks of his life when he felt that his days were numbered. From this record the story that made him a marooned man has been constructed.

One day a lady stepped into a little shop where flowers were sold in St. Petersburg and asked for some roses. A young girl stood behind the counter and brought out the flowers. The lady was one of the friendly kind and talked kindly with the little flower girl, asking her her name and if she had any father or mother, and so on. The girl told her name, which was Lisa—that her mother was dead and that her father owned the shop, but she attended to the business, since her father was seldom there. The lady asked some questions about the father—Paul Merovich was his name—if he had any other business and what took him so much away from home. Lisa could not answer this last question, nor did she know whether her father engaged in any other business.

The lady appeared so friendly that Lisa told her all about herself and the flower business. No such kindly person had ever before come to the shop and Lisa was anxious to know who she was. The customer hesitated for a moment, then gave her name as Mme. Burovich and volunteered the information that she was on intimate terms with many of the noble families of the capital, especially of General Scholoff, a prominent official of the government.

Mme. Burovich insisted upon paying more for the flowers than Lisa asked, giving as a reason that the poor girl needed the money. Since no one had ever done this before Lisa was delighted. When her father came home she told him a great deal about her liberal customer and the interest she took in the business and the family, only omitting to repeat the questions the lady had asked about Merovich himself, for Lisa knew that her father was very reticent about himself and had often cautioned her not to talk about him or what he did or how he spent his time, to others. She would not have given any one else the information she had imparted. Her customer was so kindly, so sympathetic, that she could not refrain from doing so.

When Lisa told her father that Mme. Burovich was intimate with the family of General Scholoff she noticed a changed expression came over his face. But he said nothing and she went on talking about her lovely visitor. Her father appeared desirous to learn all about what had passed between the two women, but being himself a close mouthed man, he spoke no more than was necessary. So long as she was willing to talk he was ready to listen.

After that Mme. Burovich came often to the shop, always buying flowers and always paying more than the price asked for them. One day when she came Lisa had gone out for something and on her return found the lady in the living rooms back of the shop. She told Lisa that she preferred to make herself comfortable while she waited. When Lisa mentioned this to her father he was displeased and told Lisa not to go out any more without locking the shop door.

Mme. Burovich spoke often of the family of General Scholoff, to whom she seemed much attached. Indeed, she sometimes told Lisa when she bought flowers that they were intended for Mme. Scholoff or some other member of the family. Lisa told all these things to her father, who seemed much interested in the matter, though he never commented on it. But one day he surprised Lisa by proposing that she take a handsome bunch of flowers to Mme. Scholoff. Lisa was delighted at the idea since it would enable her to show indirectly her appreciation of Mme. Burovich's kindness. She would say nothing to her friend about the matter, fearing that she would not permit her to give away her flowers. In this her father heartily agreed with her.

Lisa wished to put this scheme in operation at once, but her father told her to wait and he would secure some choice flowers that were very rare at that season. So Lisa waited, and one day her father brought her an enormous bouquet, which he suggested be placed in the center of the floral offering. Lisa clapped her hands in delight. Her father placed the flowers in position just before Lisa started to go to the house of the general and told her that if Mme. Scholoff was not at home she had better leave it for her in her husband's care.

While Lisa carried the flowers on the street she detected a singular odor, as of something burning, but it did not occur to her that it came from the bouquet. When she reached the general's house she asked for Mme. Scholoff, but was told she was not at home. Then she asked if she might leave a gift for her with the general. The servant went in to report the matter and returned to tell Lisa to go into the general's office.

General Scholoff looked at Lisa suspiciously. She was telling him what she had to say when he began to sniff the air, then snatched the bouquet and held it under his nose. Tearing the bouquet apart, he seized a string, on the end of which was a spark. Squeezing the spark between his thumb and fingers till he had extinguished it, he took from within the bouquet a glass globe about the size of a walnut. This he put in a glass of water, then called an attendant, telling him to seize Lisa.

Among those who answered a hasty summons was Mme. Burovich. She said no word to Lisa, but was immediately closeted with the general. A police force was dispatched to the flower shop, with orders to arrest Paul Merovich, but he was not there.

Lisa was held a prisoner, though Mme. Burovich was sure she had had nothing to do with the attempted assassination except as her father's tool. Merovich was under suspicion of being a revolutionist, and Lisa's friendly customer was a police spy who had been deputed to discover the truth of this matter and trap him if possible. The trap was sprung, on the other side, by Merovich, but was nipped in the bud by his intended victim.

The government gave out that Lisa was to be sent to Siberia. This brought the voluntary surrender of Merovich. Lisa, though innocent, begged to be allowed to suffer in his stead. This was, of course, not granted, but great sympathy was felt by Mme. Scholoff, and especially by Lisa's supposed customer, and the government at the time had political reasons for not sending Paul Merovich to Siberia or executing him. Merovich proposed that if they would leave his daughter unpunished they could do what they liked with him. He would agree, if they banished him, never to return to Russia.

It was finally stipulated that he was to be sent to a desert island. So long as he never appeared anywhere else his daughter should go unpunished. If he left his island she would be sent to Siberia, which her father knew was a worse fate than death.

A ship bound for North America sailed soon after this, and the would be assassin was placed upon her with orders to the captain to maroon him on an island on the Atlantic coast. He was left on Ragged island, and there he lived, dead to the world, that the daughter he had implicated and whom he nevertheless dearly loved might escape the horrors of the Siberian mines.

WIT IN THE PULPIT

Preachers With a Sense of Humor or the Gift of Repartee.

A DUEL BETWEEN PUNSTERS.

The Exchange of Compliments That Spiced the Sermons of Rev. Mr. Walker and Rev. Mr. Read—Brother Moore's Grim Retort.

When the march of pulpit oratory and humor was less advanced than at present a number of pious parishioners resolved to compliment their beloved pastor with a horse. After a great deal of scraping together they accumulated funds sufficient to purchase a saddle, which was forthwith dispatched to the minister, with an intimation that the horse would be sent at a more convenient season.

Week after week, however, passed on, and no word of the minister's nag. This dilatoriness would never do, thought the reverend gentleman, and accordingly one Sunday afternoon he took occasion to introduce the subject in winding up a discourse on the unspeakable loveliness of charity.

"Now, my friends," said the preacher, "if that said horse be na nipping grass yont by at the manse in a day or twa, I ken what I'll do."

Here the minister smote the pulpit in a manner that made the hearts of the congregation melt within them like wax, while he, stern man, continued his appeal to their pecuniary feelings so long, and repented the fearful threat, "I ken what I'll do!" so often that one frightened hearer said:

"And what will you do, sir?"

"Why, man," said the minister coolly, "I'll just sell the saddle."

The Rev. Mr. Walker of Connecticut saw his friend, the Rev. Mr. Read, sitting in one of the pews on a Sunday morning and, leaving the pulpit, went to Read and urged him to preach for him. Read begged off, as he was providentially detained in town over the Sabbath and had no "preparation" with him. But Walker was pressing, and at length his friend yielded to his importunity and entered the pulpit. But he had no text, and after some reflection pitched upon Job i, 7, "Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

From this passage he drew the doctrine and announced it boldly, that the devil was a great Walker. He rung the changes on the name of his friend till the people signified their notice by a general smile.

Walker took the pulpit in the afternoon and returned his friend's compliments by taking for his text Matthew xi, 7, "A reed shaken with the wind." "The doctrine of the text," he said, "is the instability of Reads." On this theme he discovered till Read wished that he had never ventured his wit in the pulpit at the expense of his friend Walker.

In the south of New Jersey some years ago there traveled over some of the hardest counties a good, faithful, hard working brother named James Moore. He was devoted to the itinerancy and a true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations. He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and, before leaving for his new field, he gave his people his farewell sermon. At the close he said:

"My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise; but, thinking it was a mistake, went on. "My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man. He knew him to be a hard, grinding man, stingy and merciless to the poor. He continued with his address: "May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and," pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye and pointing to him with his finger, "may his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels! Say amen to that, brother!"

He was not interrupted again.

It was the Rev. Rowland Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic, in the judgment of one of his flock, who determined to rebuke it. It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects, and one Sabbath Hill was proceeding with the reading of these requests as usual when he found himself in the midst of one to the following purport:

"Prayers are requested for the Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be more humble and, like his divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage, was content to be borne on an ass."

Having read the notice, he lifted the spectacles to his forehead and, looking around the house, observed that it was quite true he had been guilty of the fault alleged, but if the writer would step around to the vestry door after service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to ride home, after an Master's example, on the back of an ass.—George Bancroft Griffith in New York Tribune.

A TRIP IN ASIA MINOR.

Scenes Along the Route From Constantinople to Antioch.

The modern traveler in visiting Antioch of Pisidia will be likely to start from Constantinople. He will take the steam ferry at the bustling Galata bridge, the most famous and the most crowded bridge perhaps in the world. He will land at Haidar Pasha after a half hour's sail, where he will take a very comfortable train on the Anatolian railway, which is built and equipped in first class German style.

For fifty miles the road winds beside the beautiful sea of Marmora, affording charming glimpses of mountain and ocean, of peaceful bay and bold surf washed headlands. At Ismid the road begins to rise and great granite mountains, snow covered through much of the year, come into view.

Through stern, rocky, barren defiles the railroad winds its way, occasionally skirting a small village of adobe houses surrounded by vineyards and by groves of olives and mulberries. The silkworm is a chief source of the little wealth of this country, and the thousands of acres of mulberry trees furnish him with food.

We are now indeed in the land of the classics. This is the very route that Cyrus the Younger followed with his great army, 400 years before Christ, in the expedition of which Xenophon tells us.

At the town of Chai, where we arrive at noon on the second day, the army of Cyrus mutinied and halted for five days, demanding an increase of pay. Thus we see that strikes and quarrels over wages are not altogether things of modern invention. Near here, too, was fought a great battle a hundred years later, when Seleucus I., the founder of Antioch and the mighty ruler of all this region, defeated Antigonus, the one eyed general of Cappadocia.—Christian Herald.

BIG THINGS OF OURS.

Texas, For Instance, and Counties Larger Than Some States.

"Is the United States as large as France?" a young Parisian once asked an American. "Sir," replied the proud Texan, "my own state alone is bigger than your whole republic."

An interesting method of demonstrating the size of the Lone Star State is to spread out a map of our country and stretch a string across Texas the longest way. Then, placing one end of the string at Chicago, it will be found that the other end will extend into either the Atlantic ocean or the gulf of Mexico.

The biggest counties in the United States are Custer, in Montana, and San Bernardino, in California. Both have a little more than 20,000 square miles. Inside the boundaries of either of these counties might be placed the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and New Jersey. Contrast these with Bristol county, Rhode Island, the smallest of all—twenty-five square miles—and one gets a good idea of the geographical differences in this broad land.

New York county shows the largest population of any county in the Union.

An interesting geographical fact meets one at a point about fifty miles from Durango, Colo. There, by stepping a few feet in either direction, one can walk in four different common wealths in as many seconds. These are Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

Within 100 miles of one another, California offers the highest and the lowest elevations in this country—Mount Whitney, with is 14,400 feet, and Death valley, with its 450 feet below the sea level.—New York Sun.

Naming the Kangaroo.

The kangaroo came by his name rather strangely. When first Australia was discovered a sailor pointed to a kangaroo and asked a native what they called that animal. The poor black man having never met an Englishman before, had no idea what the sailor was talking about and replied in his own language, "Kangaroo"—that is, "I do not understand." The sailor foolishly supposed this was the name of the animal in the Australian tongue, and ever since we have called the animal kangaroo, "I do not understand."

In Perfect Health.

"I'm a very nervous person," said the applicant for room and board to the burly landlord of the health resort hotel, "I don't want to associate with other nervous people."

"You can associate with me," laughed the landlord. "There's nothing the matter with my nerve." And he sent the prospective guest to a 7 by 9 bedroom that was only $40 a week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quickly Reduced.

Briggs—Do you put your pocketbook under your pillow when you sleep in a hotel?

Griggs—Never. You see, the first few nights the pocketbook would make my pillow too high; then after a week or so there isn't enough in it to be anxious about.—Boston Transcript.

His Possibilities.

Physician (to magnate)—Seek some quiet, secluded place where you can sleep well and where no one will pay any attention to you. Magnate (in doubt)—Er-r, doctor, I say, how will going to church do?—Chicago News.

No Chance.

Employee—I would like more salary. I am going to get married. Employer—Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I'm going to get married myself.—Chicago News.

KISSING IN ENGLAND.

Its Prevalence at One Time Used to Puzzle Foreign Visitors.

Kissing, which has been officially prohibited at the railway station of Berwick, in Switzerland, flourished in England in the seventeenth century to such an extent that the foreign visitor was bewildered by its prevalence. Nicolaus de Bethlen, who traveled in England in 1663, writes that "my brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion, being unaware that it was customary in that country to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies, instead of shaking hands, as we do in Hungary. We were invited to dine at the house of a gentleman of high rank and found his wife and three daughters (one of them married) ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and thereby greatly offended the latter. Duval apologized for our blunder and told us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls to the last."

The learned and sedate Erasmus in 1499 wrote a Latin letter from England to his friend Fausto Andrelini advising him to come here at once, for, he remarks: "Here are girls with angels' faces who will receive you with kisses. They come to visit you, kisses again. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance—in fine, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses."

In 1466 a Bohemian nobleman named Leo von Rozmital visited England and in the "Journal of His Travel," published in 1577, he noted, "It is the custom there that on the arrival of a distinguished stranger from foreign parts the hostess with all her family goes out to meet him and the guests are required to kiss them all, and this among the English was the same as shaking hands among other nations."—Chicago News.

Pythons Like Milk.

"The fondness of pythons for milk is notorious," said an official of the zoo. "A python will follow a bowl of milk for miles and then be perfectly satisfied with the milk as a reward for its journey. In India sometimes the natives in traveling through the forests carry a torch ahead for fear of wild animals, and one man will bring up the rear carrying a bowl of milk. In this way they sometimes enter a town, followed by half a dozen pythons, as they say in India, 'wagging their tails behind them.'"—New York Times.

Not Worrying.

Young Wife—I want you to promise me one thing. If we would avoid trouble we must live within our means, and to help me in doing this I want your promise that you will never run in debt. Young Husband—I will promise, my love. If I ever get in debt I'll let the other fellows do the running.

Will and Won't.

"Is yer gwine ter let dat mewel do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephriam's wife. "Wha's you' will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jest want ter come out hyar an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."—Christian Register.

Bankrupt.

She (complainingly)—You don't pay me compliments as you used to do. He—No; I've suspended payment.—London Telegraph.

CARE FOR SICK ON TRAINS.

German Roads Have Special Care Fo Transporting Invalids.

Excellent facilities are afforded i Germany for transporting invalids an cripples who are unable to walk, a cording to our consul at Brunswicl The German railroad system provide a first class car for invalids who ca afford to use it. This car is fitted wit every possible convenience for the sicl A special apartment, opening on th level of the station platform, with double door, so that a stretcher can b carried in without the slightest diff culty, is set apart for the invalid an attendants. The balance of the c contains a kitchen, where meals can b prepared, and a section handsome upholstered for members of the famil or accompanying friends. For invalic who travel second or third class a apartment on an ordinary car is ass opening in like manner with a doub door on the station platform.

The charges for transporting sick ar helpless persons have hitherto bee moderate. For invalids traveling thi class the charge has been the cost four tickets, free transport being gran ed for two attendants. This rate is sti granted when the car containing t invalid apartment belongs to a regul train with a fixed destination; othe wise in the future six tickets secon class must be purchased. In additio to the cost of these tickets there w be an additional charge of 7 pfenni (1¾ cents) per axle and kilometer (0.6 miles) for the time the car runs emp before and after the transport of t invalid to the point of destination.

For example, if the invalid is tran ported from Berlin to Hamburg, 2 kilometers (150 miles), when the c containing the invalid apartment form part of the regular train the char will be 35.0 marks ($8.47); if the sam car is specially ordered the chage w be 164.64 marks ($39.18).—United Stat Consular Reports.

A Secret Andrew Lang Kept.

Andrew Lang unraveled many h torical puzzles, but there was one my tery the secret of which he knew b would not tell. He knew the tru about the famous murder of whi Alan Breck was suspected and f which James Stewart was hange Stevenson in "Kidnapped" lays t crime to the account of a mysterio companion of Alan's, and in so f that neither Alan nor James was t murderer he was right, said Mr. Lat But the identity of the assassin was clan secret, revealed to Mr. Lang as fellow clansman, and he refused make it public.

The Crayfish.

A curious mistake occurs in the wo crayfish. The name was borrowed fr the French, who call this lobsterli animal ecrevisse. The English thoug that because it lived in the water must be a fish, says the Raja Yo Messenger, and so we always call the crayfish. Of course the little cr ture is no more a fish than a seal is fish, or a sponge or an oyster, althou they also live in the water.

Contagious.

"Is insomnia a contagious disease asked the boob.

"No," replied the wise guy. "W do you ask?"

"When my neighbor's dog can't sl at night I can't either," replied t boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

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IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Mo "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are mak money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

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COASTER-BRAKES, sundries, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail prices.

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The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our will sell you a sample pair for $4.30 cash with order. $4.85

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and will close up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than ordinary tires. The puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric in the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.30 per pair. All orders shipped same day order is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

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Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and protective strips "B" also rim strips "C" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outwear any other tire made. SEND NO MONEY. ALL IS EASY RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above) or write for our big tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, IL

UEER OLD MINES

ie Orpiment Workings In the Snow Clad Himalayas.

DAZZLING BLAZE OF COLOR.

plunders of the Dismal Mineral Pits as They Sparkle In a Brilliant Mosaic of Gold and Rubies in the Light of the Flashing Torches.

High on the flanks of Tirich Mir, one f the snow clad giant Himalayas of hitral, are the old mines where orpiment is found. Orpiment is a flaky, exible mineral, a compound of arsenic nd sulphur, the basis of certain beauful yellow pigments, the auripigmenum of the ancients. In "Sport and ife in the Farther Himalayas" Major Lennion describes his visit to these orkings, the first visit to them, he as told, ever made by a European:

"The holes through which the mines re entered are in the face of a precipitous rock and are reached by a narrow, townward sloping ledge. They were bout large enough for a hyena to walk nto without inconvenience.

"On my arrival five or six men with bloodshot eyes and faces covered with yellow dust crawled out. Although not injurious to health, the orpiment, I was told, affected the hands of the miners in a peculiar way. That was obvious enough. The hands of many of the men I saw were shrunken to the bone, of a dark slaty color and covered with knots and excrescences.

"I told my guide to lead on, and he disappeared into one of the holes. I followed more deliberately, surprised at being able to get in at all. After crawling a few yards we found ourselves in a small chamber about eighteen feet long, in which a man could stand upright. The air was fresher than I had expected, but there was no orpiment in sight.

"In the farther corner there was what looked like a well, and toward this my guide led me. Following his example, I sat on the floor and let myself down feet foremost into this dark and narrow hole. The shaft did not go straight down, and on the whole it was easier to descend than a factory chimney, for here and there were projecting ledges on which you could rest your toes. But for any one except a sweep or an orpiment miner it was difficult enough.

"After descending some twenty feet I felt my legs swinging in space, a hand grasped one foot, guided it to a rock and I let myself down on solid earth. I was in another chamber, smaller than the first and stuffier. But still there was no orpiment.

"A hole appeared to lead away in a downward direction from the farther end of the chamber, and on one side a lot of debris had fallen. My guide cheerfully told me that this was the grave of eight men who had been buried under this fall of stone while working at the end of the passage.

"My guide now disappeared into the hole and I had to follow. There was no room to crawl—you had to lie down and work yourself along with your toes. The air was foul and full of sulphurous dust. If it had been possible to turn round and retreat I think I should have done so. After traversing forty feet, which seemed as many miles, in this painful manner we reached another chamber, in which it was possible to sit up.

"Here at last was the orpiment, and it was almost worth the trouble of coming to see. Except where the roof was blackened by our torches—the miners do their work in the dark for the sake of purer air—the walls of the mine seemed a dazzling, scintillating mosaic of gold and rubies. The light was thrown back from an infinite number of glittering points in which every shade of red and yellow, from the deepest ruby to the most brilliant scarlet, from old gold to the palest sulphur, was intermingled to form an indescribable blaze of color.

"After admiring the fascinating glitter and gleam and ever changing blaze of beautiful color of this display of subterranean splendor for awhile and breaking off a few specimens of various hues I began to long for the upper air. So we began the ascent from Avernus, which I was pleased to find considerably easier than the descent."

Just the Same.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."

Not So Very Unexpected.

"Ada, dearest Ada, will you be mine?"

"Oh, Charles, this is so unexpected! You must give me a little time."

"How long, darling?"

"Oh, I will just call mamma. She is waiting in the next room."—Fliegende Blatter.

Retribution.

"Oh, George, who opened the canary's cage?"

"I did. You told me a little bird was whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about, so I opened the cage and the cat's eaten him!"

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; it empties today of its strength.—Maclaren.

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When pursued the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it he enters and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and, up to his shoulders in the water, he awaits the attack of the dogs. With his free paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and, as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant, he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others; and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.

Queer Bits From India.

In "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India" Edgar Thurston, the author, says:

"On one occasion, when I was in camp at Coimbatore, the coddies (laborers), being afraid of my evil eye, refused to fire a new kiln of bricks for the new club chambers until I had taken my departure. On another occasion I caught hold of a ladle to show my friend Dr. Rivers what were the fragrant contents of a pot in which an oddo woman was cooking the evening meal. On returning from a walk we heard a great noise proceeding from the coddy men, who had meanwhile returned from work, and found the woman seated apart on a rock and sobbing. She had been excommunicated, not because I touched the ladle, but because she had afterward touched the pot."

Pepys and His Spectacles.

Pepys in his famous diary tells of those devices which he used when his eyes began to fail him, Aug. 31, 1668: "The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost, and I am mighty set upon trying the late printed experiment of paper tubes." A few days later he is "mightily pleased with a trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacle of paper, tried with my right eye." And so it goes on, the tube being used first for one eye, then for the other, and finally he has a visard, into which a tube for both eyes with glass in it is fastened. It was of no use, and the diary had to be discontinued. But Pepys lived and saw and prospered for many years after he had given up tubes and glasses.

Parisians and Nerves.

The Parisians suffer from nervous attacks to an appalling extent. "If one invites any Parisians to dinner one must be prepared for regimes," writes Miss Annesley in "My Parisian Year." "This man cannot eat bread and must drink only white wine; that woman can eat only 'alimentaires;' another must begin with hot water. * * * I was at a dinner once where there were sixteen guests; seven of these were on special diet, and three had little bottles of pills with them! * * * I was at the house of a noted writer one afternoon, and his wife took his temperature five times in an hour and a half. The last time the thermometer marked 99 degrees. Madame flew to the telephone and implored the doctor to come."

Parrots and Trees.

There seems to be a species of parrot adapted for each of the more conspicuous kind of trees which are found in tropical forests. Thus, if the tree is a palm which has a single stem and can afford nourishment for a bird only at or near the top of that stem, then the species of parrot that feeds on it is an air bird, capable of flying over the forest in search of such trees. When this is the case the body of the bird is light and the tail long. On the other hand, the parrots which inhabit trees with many branches have stout bodies and short tails and are short flighted.

Silhouette.

Silhouette was the name of a French minister who endeavored to raise the revenues by taxing the nobility. In consequence he became very unpopular, and the fashion of profiles in black coming in about the same time, they were called in derision silhouettes, the nobility claiming that they had their portraits done in black because they were too poor to have a full picture taken.

An Honest Thief.

On leaving a Paris theater a German gentleman felt for his watch. It was gone. Having a strong suspicion, he laid violent hands on a man in the crowd, who quietly gave up the ticker. When he got home he found his own watch lying on the table.

An Extended Vacation.

"Mrs. Nagg is thinking of visiting the Thousand Islands."

"I understand Mr. Nagg would be glad to have her spend six months on each one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

All His Fault.

Irate Woman (to bird dealer)—As for you, you're a thief! All those canaries you sold me yesterday flew away this morning. Sourire.

Not Wanted.

Servant—Please, sir, there's a man at the door with a bill. Master—Tell him we are well supplied.—London Telegraph.

HIS GREAT FIGHT.

The Fierce and Bloody Duel That Won "Wild Bill" His Name.

ATTACKED BY TEN OUTLAWS.

He Boldly Faced the Desperadoes, Using His Guns and His Bowie Knife, and When the Smoke of Battle Cleared Eight of His Foes Were Dead.

In the "Story of the Outlaw," by Emerson Hough, is a thrilling account of the desperate and sanguinary encounter against overwhelming odds that won "Wild Bill" his name and marked him as one of the most fearless and reckless fighting men that ever faced a mob, drew a gun or swung a bowie knife.

The real name of Wild Bill was James Butler Hickok. He was eighteen years old when he first saw the west as a fighting man under Jim Lane, finally in the year 1861 settling down as station agent for the Overland at Rock Creek station, about fifty miles west of Topeka.

He was really there as a guard for the horse band, for all that region was full of horse thieves and cutthroats. It was here that occurred his greatest fight, the greatest fight of one man against odds at close range that is mentioned in any history of any part of the world.

Two border outlaws—the McCandless boys—leading a gang of bad men, intended to run off with the stage company's horses. When they found that they could not induce Bill to join their number they left him with curses and threats.

As they rode away Bill told them to come and take the horses if they could, and on the afternoon of Dec. 18, 1861, ten of them rode to his dugout to do so. Bill was alone, his stableman being away hunting. He retreated into the dark interior of his dugout and got ready his weapons, a rifle, two six-shooters and a knife.

The assailants proceeded to batter in the door with a log, and as it fell in Jim McCandless, who must have been a brave man to undertake so foolhardy a thing against a man already known as a killer, sprang in at the opening. He, of course, was killed at once.

This exhausted the rifle, and Bill picked up the sixshooters from the table and in three quick shots killed three more of the gang as they rushed in at the door. Four men were dead in less than that many seconds, but there were still six others left, all inside the dugout now, and all firing at him at a range of three feet.

It was almost a miracle that under such surroundings the man was not killed. Bill was now crowded too much to use his firearms and took to the bowie, thrusting at one man and another as best he might. It must have been several minutes that all seven of them were mixed in a mass of shooting, thrusting, panting and gasping humanity.

Then Jack McCandless swung his rifle barrel and struck Bill over the head, springing upon him with his knife as well. Bill got his hand on a six shooter and killed McCandless just as he would have struck.

After that no one knows what happened, not even Bill himself.

"I just got sort of wild," Bill said, describing it. "I thought my heart was on fire. I went out to the pump then to get a drink, and I was all cut and shot to pieces."

They called him Wild Bill after that, and he had earned the name. There were six dead men on the floor of the dugout. He had fairly whipped the ten of them, and the four remaining had enough and fled from that awful hole in the ground.

Bill followed them to the door. His own weapons were exhausted or not at hand by this time, but his stableman came up just then with a ride in his hands. Bill caught it from him and, cut as he was, fired and killed one of the desperadoes as he tried to mount his horse. The other wounded man later died of his wounds. Eight men were killed by the one.

It took Bill a year to recover from his wounds.

His Parting Request.

Augustus Caesar was a wise ruler, and when he died it was said of him that "he had found Rome brick and left it marble." He liberally patronized men of letters, and the "Augustan age" is a phrase applied to any era distinguished for literature and the arts. On the approach of his death, it is said, Augustus called for a mirror and arranged his hair. He then asked those about him if he had played his part well. On their answering in the affirmative he said after the manner of the actors, "Then, farewell—and applaud!"

The Celtic Affirmative.

In the speech of so highly developed a people as the Celts there is no equivalent to "yes." Thus it happens that you shall never hear an Irish waiter pronounce the shibboleth "yessir" of his English confrere, for he invariably expresses an affirmative by some such phrase as "I shall, sir," "It is, sir."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Old and the New.

The old fashioned bride who was dowered with a stack of bedquilts now has a daughter who is going to bring her husband a trunkful of lingerie.—Galveston News.

Our only victory over temptation is through persisting courage and an indomitable cheerfulness.—Faber.

Equal to the Emergency.

Being equal to an emergency helps one out of plights into which the best of us sometimes fall. A certain actor came so belated to the theater one evening when he was to play Othello in the tragedy of that name that he forgot to blacken his hands and rushed on the stage with them white and his face sooty. Of course the audience giggled, and poor Othello, when he realized the cause of the mirth, was almost unable to proceed with his part and so deeply mortified that when he made his exit after his first scene he declared that he could not finish the performance, but a happy thought struck him. He procured a pair of flesh colored gloves, blackened his hands, put the gloves on and walked quietly on again. There was quite a little tittering as the Moor went on with his lines, but it entirely subsided as during a speech of one of the other characters the dusky lover carefully drew off his gloves, disclosing hands to match his face. Then those whose risibles had been affected felt small and awkward.

The End of His Rope.

"Charles," she said, "that's the worst cigar I ever smelled in my life. Throw it away. I'm stifling!"

And she uttered a little stifle.

"It cost 10 cents," he replied, caressing the band. "The man said it took four Cubans three days to make it, and I'd hate to throw it away. It cost 10 cents."

"Nevertheless," she said between stifles, "if you don't throw it away it will kill me. It's terrible. You know I'm no chronic kicker, but just look at me!"

And indeed he had never seen any one stifle so fast or so hard. Yet he went right on smoking, muttering, "It cost me 10 cents."

The bill for the funeral (an elaborate one, for he felt quite upset) amounted to $146.80, and as he wrote a check for it he reflected, with a twinge of conscience, "It cost 10 cents, but I suppose it would have been cheaper to throw it away."—Pittsburgh Press.

They Recover Quickly.

The marriage or rather the remarriage statistics in the mairies of Paris make sad reading for the sentimentalists. Of 2,270 disconsolate widowers 148 remarry within a year. The defections increase with terrible rapidity in the second year, which sees 628 relapses from the ranks of mourners. At the end of the third year only thirty-seven widowers remain. With the widows it is even worse. None remarry within the first year of their husband's decease, but it is feared that this is due not to fidelity, but to the strict legal veto which obtains in France. Once the law's delay is at an end they go off with vertiginous rapidity. Of 1,907 weeping widows in eighteen months only four had not exchanged their weeds for wedding garments.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Norway's Sick-Insurance Law.

Norway has a sick insurance law which embraces all wage earners and public servants over fifteen years of age whose yearly earnings do not exceed $322 if in the rural districts or $375 in the cities. The law also provides that the employer shall pay a certain percentage (one-sixth) of the premium, while he is held responsible for the whole, but may deduct from the wages of the insured at the end of the term for which the premium is paid the amount thus advanced. Theoretically it is self insurance on the contributive plan, while actually it amounts to an extra tax upon the employer, as most employees stipulate when engaging their services that the insurance premium shall be paid in addition to the wages.

Old Time Punishment.

In "Pike's History of Crimes," volume i, page 228, is found the following copy of the sentence of an old time traitor: "It is the order of the court that for your treason you be drawn and hanged and beheaded and that your heart, bowels and entrails, from whence come your traitorous thoughts, be torn out and burned to ashes and that the ashes be scattered to the four winds and that your body be afterward cut into four quarters."

Sugar.

A West India paper says that in 1752 an "Essay on Sugar" was written in which it is recorded that the Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1702 at the advanced age of eighty years, used to eat a pound of sugar every day, and it was found that he was never troubled with coughs and his teeth were firm, so that his housekeeper gave this reason:

That which preserves apples and plums will also preserve life and lungs.

He Remembered.

Mrs. Jones—Do you remember that night in June, Henry, when you first asked me to marry you? Mr. Jones—If you refer to that first, last, single, solitary and only occasion upon which I ever asked you to marry me, I do, and you never gave me another chance, either.

His Ancestors.

Jones—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—One thousand pounds—for keeping quiet about them.—London Tit-Bits.

Not Going to Pieces.

Geraldine—May I see you apart? Gerald—Well, I should say not! Do I look as if I were coming to pieces?—New York Press.

Some people will never learn anything for this reason—because they understand everything too soon.—Pope.

By Devious Ways

How the Cat "Won Out"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There's more than one way to kill a cat," remarked Hildreth darkly.

"They say 'care once killed a cat,'" quoted Mrs. Hildreth flippantly.

"I can dispose of this one with a well aimed bullet," Hildreth retorted. "It's all very well for you to make light of the matter, Linda. You didn't lose a night's rest because of the yowlings of that infernal cat. I'm fagged out this morning."

"Have another cup of coffee, dear," soothed Linda, smoothing away the amused smile from her face as she realized that her usually good tempered husband was actually grouchy over the matter. "I'm sure I can get rid of the cat before you come home tonight."

"How?" Frank was mollified and accepted a fresh cup of coffee.

"Mrs. Bliss wants one."

"Well?"

"She has often admired Blessums. I will give him to Mrs. Bliss."

"She won't want him after he's serenaded her once or twice," murmured Mr. Hildreth as he kissed his wife, clapped on his hat and reached for his newspaper in one breath.

When his flying form had disappeared in the direction of the station Mrs. Hildreth sighed and poured herself another cup of tea.

"I just hate to give Blessums away," she said mutinously. "He has always been the dearest cat in the world, and to think Frank objects to him at this late day! I can't understand it, anyway, why Blessums should take it into his blessed old head to yowl under Frank's window every night. I suppose I've got to go over and tell May Bliss. It will break my heart to give away my lovely cat, but it certainly wouldn't be right to place a mere cat above my husband's comfort!"

Therefore an hour afterward found her walking up the pretty suburban street to the Queen Anne villa, where lived her most intimate friend.

"The darling pussy cat? Surely I'll take him," cried the delighted Mrs. Bliss, when the sins of the luckless

RECEIVED THE FULL CONTENTS OF THE SOOT BAG

Blessums were related to her unbelieving ears. "Poor thing! Of course one expects cats to exercise their voices, and I'm thankful that both George and I are sound sleepers and so shall not mind how much noise Blessums makes. Don't you really believe that Frank's nerves must be upset to mind it?"

"I don't know," said practical Linda. "He seems to be pretty well, but naturally no one likes to lose his rest night after night."

"And hereafter he will be known as Blessums Bliss," chirruped Mrs. Bliss as she waved a farewell to her friend.

Thus was accomplished the adoption of Blessums, the beautiful tortoise shell cat that had been Linda Hildreth's pride and delight.

"What did you do about the cat?" asked her husband at dinner that night.

"Gave him to May Bliss," said Linda with affected cheerfulness. "She was delighted."

"Doesn't know him as well as I do," observed Frank resentfully, and then, because he knew that his wife had been fond of the animal, he launched forth into a detailed description of all the horrors he had suffered through the vocal clamor of the tortoise shell cat. "I'm sorry, Linda," he said apologetically when he could find no more epithets to bestow upon the absent Blessums, "but the cat may get over the habit, and then I shall be glad to see him grace our fireside once more."

"He never will," said Linda sorrowfully.

"Why not?"

"May Bliss wouldn't give him up now."

"Well, I'll get you another cat—a Persian," promised Hildreth recklessly for he was a kind hearted fellow and hated to see his pretty wife distressed.

"No, thank you, Frank. I'd rather not have any." And because Linda believed in making her sacrifices as cheerfully as human nature would permit she changed the subject by inquiring what had happened during his day in the city.

It was long after midnight when a familiar sound broke the peaceful slumbers of Frank Hildreth. He started up and turned his head toward the closed south window of his room. The west windows were wide open.

"Me-o-o-o-row!"

There was no mistaking the mellifluous voice of Blessums, the tortoise shell cat.

The cat had come back.

Frank thumped out of bed and threw up the south window. Below, on the moonlit path at the foot of the rose trellis, sat Blessums, gazing up at his erstwhile master.

"Me-o-o-o-row!" he repeated mournfully.

"There will be a row!" yelled Frank wrathfully, and, picking up a small chair, he tossed it through the window straight at the unsuspecting feline.

When the chair struck the path with a thud Blessums had vanished—simply melted from view. But the chair was there, by some magic of circumstance standing on its four legs in the middle of the path.

Frank went back to bed and to sleep dreamlessly till morning.

"Oh, Frank, the queerest thing has happened!" fluttered Linda when he appeared at the breakfast table.

"What is it?" he asked curiously.

"Why, when I looked out of my window at 7 o'clock this morning what should I see but Blessums sitting on one of our bedroom chairs in the middle of the path! He looked too cute for anything, Frank, but how do you suppose the chair ever got out there?" Linda's blue eyes were innocently wide.

"Blanked if I know," fled Frank crossly.

"Why, Frank Hildreth! I think it's perfectly awful for you to swear as me-e like that!" cried Linda, suddenly tearfully indignant.

It required a half hour to properly apologize to his wife, and in the end he felt like a criminal. "I told you, my dear, that nothing short of sudden death would ever terminate his serenades," he said moodily.

"I don't care how or when he dies if I don't have to hear any of the details," said Linda dejectedly. "It does seem as though Blessums was determined to come back here and disturb your peace."

"Perhaps I can think of some remedy during the day," said Frank, and once more he set forth on his morning sprint for the 8:03 train.

The result of a whole day's cogitation on the part of Mr. Hildreth was that he brought home that night a large paper bag filled with soot—black chimney soot secured from some unknown place by his office boy.

He smuggled the bag up into his own room and hid it under his bed. He did not wish to shock his wife's tender sensibilities with the details of the horrible way in which he was to end the nightly serenades of Blessums, the tortoise shell cat. How could he tell Linda that it was his intention to listen for the first signal from the marauder and then, creeping softly to the window, which he would leave wide open, he would decoy the unsuspecting Blessums up the rose trellis, and when the cat was almost up to the window he would empty the bag of black, smothering, choking soot full into his face. Result—a hurried and permanent exit on the part of Blessums and possibly the extermination of his whole nine lives at once.

"That's one way to get rid of a cat," he thought gleefully as he went to bed.

Frank left the window wide open. He opened the bag of soot and placed it in a convenient place. He went to bed determined to remain awake until Blessums turned up.

He went to sleep at once and slept soundly until he was awakened by the signal voice of Blessums.

"Me-o-o-o-row!"

"Aha!" grunted Frank sleepily and slipped out of bed.

He reached for the bag of soot and tiptoed to the window. He leaned out noiselessly, the bag poised for business. He looked down at the rose trellis and for an instant was paralyzed with surprise.

A dark, bulky human form was stealthily creeping up to the temptingly open window. Frank had a brief vision of the form of Blessums sitting as of yore in the middle of the garden path.

Immediate action was necessary, for the approaching burglar turned a masked face upward—and received the full contents of the soot bag in nose and eyes and mouth.

There followed a choking growl and a floundering, crashing descent to the ground. Frank leaned from the window and saw the burglar leap the fence and dash across an open lot into black shadow. He saw the frightened Blessums perched nervously on the gate post.

"Here, Blessums! Here kitty, kitty, kitty!" coaxed Frank gently.

Just as Blessums leaped from the tottering rose trellis into his arms Linda's white robed form appeared beside him.

"Oh, Frank, what has happened?" she whispered anxiously. "I thought I heard footsteps outside."

He told her briefly and advised her to cherish the astonished Blessums, whose voice had awakened him in time to rout the burglar and thus save their valuables and perhaps their lives.

"He can't go back to Mrs. Bliss," declared Frank firmly. "I'll buy her a cat if necessary, but Blessums shall sleep in my room every night so that serenades will be out of the question. Perhaps he's hungry, Linda. I wonder if there's any of that chicken left. I don't believe Nora gives him enough to eat, anyway."

"Frank Hildreth," cried the wife hysterically, "you're not to kill Blessums with kindness!"

Chadwick, Chase W. Madder left last Saturday for

OFFICIAL VOTE OF McKEAN COUNTY NOVEMBER 5, 1912.

| DISTRICTS | Taft, Rep. | Wilson, Dem. | Chafin, Proh. | Debs, Soc. | Reimer, Soc. | Roosevelt, Prog. | Roosevelt, Fus. P. | Roosevelt, Prog. | Kinnear, Wash. | Young, Rep. | Young, Dem. | Young, Soc. | Young, Prog. | Young, Roose. Fus. | Young, W. M. | Young, Wash. | Berry, Rep. | Berry, Dem. | Berry, Soc. | Berry, Kat. | Hendrickson, Proh. | Swarts, Soc. | Powell, Rep. | Powell, R. M. | Powell, Roose. Fus. | Powell, Prog. | Powell, Wash. | Crosswell, Rep. | Crosswell, Dem. | Crosswell, Soc. | Crosswell, Proh. | Cannon, Proh. | Eldridge, Soc. | Morin, Rep. | Morin, R. M. | Morin, Roose. Fus. | Morin, Prog. | Morin, Wash. | Lewis, Rep. | Lewis, R. M. | Lewis, Roose. Fus. | Lewis, Wash. | Lewis, Prog. | Walters, Rep. | Walters, Wash. | Walters, R. M. | Walters, Roose. Fus. | Walters, Prog. | Rupley, Rep. | Rupley, R. M. | Rupley, Roose. Fus. | Rupley, Prog. | Rupley, Wash. | Shaw, Proh. | Howley, Dem. | McGrath, Soc. | McGrath, Lab. | Greenawalt, Dem. | McKee, Proh. | Pierce, Proh. | Parker, Soc. | Hamilton, Proh. | Kerth, Soc. | Mosier, Soc. | Slaton, Soc. | Chas. R. Patton, Rep. | Chas. R. Patton, Wash. | Chas. R. Patton, Prog. | Jas. A. Gregory, Dem. | W. H. Watt, Proh. | Clyde Fox, Soc. | J. R. Babbitt, Rep. | E. W. Hilton, Dem. | E. W. Hilton, Proh. | E. W. Hilton, Soc. | W. W. Hilton, Lab. | J. G. Percy, Rep. | J. G. Percy, Wash. | E. J. Hoffman, Rep. | E. J. Hoffman, Proh. | H. H. Reddeld, Rep. | H. H. Reddeld, Dem. | H. H. Reddeld, Wash. | H. H. Reddeld, Proh. | H. H. Reddeld, Soc. | H. H. Reddeld, Prog. | H. H. Reddeld, Roose. Fus. | H. H. Reddeld, Lab. | H. H. Reddeld, Kat. | H. H. Reddeld, Wash. | H. H. Reddeld, Proh. | E. H. Benson, Rep. | E. H. Benson, Dem. | E. H. Benson, Proh. | E. H. Benson, Soc. | E. H. Benson, Lab. | E. H. Benson, Kat. | E. H. Benson, Wash. | E. H. Benson, Proh. | N. Swinehamer, Soc. | J. M. Hartz, Rep. | J. M. Hartz, Soc. | W. J. Hart, Rep. | W. J. Hart, Proh. | Arthur McGregor, Dem. | W. F. Knight, Rep. | W. F. Knight, Wash. |
|---|---|---

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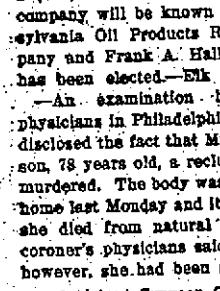

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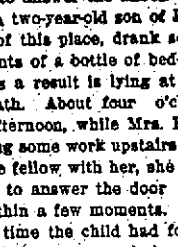

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Peace is likely to take in the Balkans if Austria will be reasonable.

—When the Christmas rush comes just recall what fine weather this has been for early shopping.

—An exchange reports the case of an editor who found $50 in an old vest. We wonder where he found the vest?

—We understand that there is no real danger of the Democratic pie counter being upset. It has its back to the wall.

—In Mexico now they call them bandits instead of revolutionists, but the people killed or robbed experience no relief in consequence.

—Counterfeit $10 and $20 notes being in circulation, carefully scrutinize your roll of bills on Sunday to make certain that no bad ones get into the contribution plate.

—Miss Helen Foster, a popular young lady who lived in Canfield hollow, died at her home on Monday of last week. She was aged 25 years and her death was due to diabetes.

—We notice that a New York woman is quoted as saying: "In the first place, women are needed in the homes." Old fashioned, isn't she? However, at the present rate of progress homes will be abolished soon. What then, ma'am?

—A number of Warren capitalists have purchased a large plot of ground at Eldred, Pa., and will erect thereon a $500,000 oil refining plant. The company will be known as the Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Company and Frank A. Hall, of Warren, has been elected.—Elk Enterprise.

—An examination by coroner's physicians in Philadelphia Wednesday disclosed the fact that Miss Anne Notson, 78 years old, a recluse, had been murdered. The body was found in her home last Monday and it was believed she died from natural causes. The coroner's physicians said Wednesday, however, she had been strangled.

—Assistant Surgeon General W. C. Rucker, of the United States public health service, is very much of the health service, is authority for the declaration that the bedbug is not a "disgrace." As far as he will go is to say that the notorious little insect is a "pestive danger," inasmuch as it carries disease. In a special report, Dr. Rucker says that the bedbug should be killed whenever he bobs up, but to find him around is nothing to be ashamed of. Dr. Rucker tells of ways to kill the bug. The best way, he says, is to see that he has nowhere to breed. Do away with wooden beds and get metal ones. After the bug gets in dose him with kerosene or boiling water and bichloride, or fumigate him with sulphur.

—J. H. Havens has purchased the Olean opera house block, and says that he will make a real theatre of it. The purchase was made from Mrs. Mary Wagner, of Bradford. The old building was completed in 1882, and opened with "Hazel Kirk" played by May Henderson, Booth, Barret, Jefferson, Henry Irving and Madame Modjeska having trod its boards in the 30 years of its history.

—A sensation has been caused at Lock Haven by the clipping of hair from the heads of young girls attending the picture shows. The fact has just been disclosed. Up to this time victims of the unknown user of shears on their tresses have been silent on account of the publicity that would attend any complaint; but the offense has of late been growing more and more frequent, so much so that it is now a subject of common discussion.

—From the Bridgeport, Ill., Leader, we learn that B. D. Christley, formerly of Colegrove, Pa., died at that place on Thursday, Nov. 14, 1912, after a brief illness, and his burial took place there on Sunday, Nov. 16. He was born in Olean, N. Y., May 13, 1873, and was a resident of Colegrove for a good many years working for C. A. Anderson in his store. He was married to Miss Kate Scanlon about fifteen years ago but they have not lived together for some time. He has no immediate relatives in this vicinity.

—A DuBois dispatch dated Nov. 23, says: While his mother went down stairs to answer the knock of a book-agent, a two-year-old son of Roger Hudson, of this place, drank some of the contents of a bottle of bed-bug killer and as a result is lying at the point of death. About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, while Mrs. Hudson was doing some work upstairs and had the little fellow with her, she was called down to answer the door and returned within a few moments. But during that time the child had found the bottle sitting upon a chair and drank part of its contents.

—A small fire in the residence of Sheriff M. C. Bain, last Thursday evening, caused considerable excitement to those present and threatened to become serious. Mrs. Bain is confined to her bed by illness and her son, Raymond, went up stairs and lighted the gas. A window was open and a lace curtain was blown into the flame, causing the fire. Miss Mildred Lyle, a professional nurse, who is caring for Mrs. Bain, made an effort to smother the flames, but without success. Soon, however, Raymond appeared on the scene with a fire extinguisher, and soon had the fire out. Considerable damage was done to the room and contents. Credit is due to Raymond for his efficient work.

—A dispatch from Springfield, Ill., says: Federal Judge Shirle has issued a perpetual injunction restraining the head camp of the Modern Woodmen from putting into effect the new rates which would increase the assessments of the members throughout the country. The injunction also restrains the officers of the head camp from declaring delinquent any member refusing to pay the new rates. A. H. Talbot, appelate court of Illinois, to have the order says an appeal will be taken from Judge Shirley's decision to the appelate court of Illinois to have the injunction suspended.

—A second arrest in the attempted forgery of the name of Liveryman A. Nelson to the check for $15 was made last evening when Chief Ives took into custody Clark Galvin, a young man who was in the company of Wilson when the latter tried to pass the bogus paper on J. E. Cass. It is alleged that Galvin procured the blank check. Both men were given a hearing before Justice Gillis last evening who held them for criminal court and fixed the bail of each at $300. Galvin produced the required amount, but Wilson was unable to do so and Constable Dilly took him to the county jail in Smethport.—Friday's Kane Republican.

—Harry Hedburg, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hedburg, met with a painful accident this afternoon that may cost him his left hand. He found a cartridge in the barn and commenced pounding it to see what the contents were, when the thing let go and badly shattered and mangled the hand. Dr. Colcord was summoned and he hopes to save the hand. Harry is an unfortunate boy and ill-luck seems to follow him. Several years ago he ran a needle in his eye, which partly paralyzed the left side of his entire body. But from this he has recently been improving. It was this weak hand that was injured.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Dr. Colcord was at Coudersport Monday, in consultation with Dr. Ashcraft relative to the case of blood poison which has developed in Mr. Colcord's hand and which has been mentioned heretofore in the Reporter. It will be remembered that the doctor sustained a scratch when dressing the hand of H. C. Holcomb, of Annin Creek, two weeks ago, from which the case developed. Mr. Colcord suffered greatly with it over Sunday. It is considerably better to-day, though it is the opinion of the physicians that the finger will have to be amputated. As we go to press Dr. Colcord is determined to save the finger.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Oil City Derrick: A "sure enough" wild turkey, and possibly the last specimen left in this section, was killed this week on the Fisher farm, on Wolf run, five miles north of Franklin and near the Jackson township line. The bird was killed by Parmenas G. Fisher, son of the owner of the farm. He cut its head off with a load of fine shot. The bird was not weighed, but it measured four feet from tip to tip of its outspread wings. There is no mistaking of its being of the wild species, as it differs in many essentials especially in color, plumage and wattles from the domesticated bird, and besides that the young man who killed it has raised turkeys for years as have his neighbors, and all agree in this particular. It has been said for some years that there was a wild turkey in that vicinity and all hunters have been watching for it until now. Devoid of sentiment the family has already served the big royal bird for dinner.

—Monday morning when the employes of the Currier-Koeth Company, Coudersport, started the big gas engine, a terrific explosion took place under the machine room, which lifted the floor, tipping over a monster turret lathe. It landed on a heavy tool box, which was all that saved Operator James Kenote from being crushed beneath its weight. Other machines were moved from their foundations. Investigation after the explosion showed that the "muffler," which received the exhaust from the engine, had been blown to pieces. The "muffler" is built of walls of concrete more than a foot in thickness, and is circular in form, about six feet in diameter and four feet in depth, inside measurements. John Holland, one of the operators, was standing almost over the center of the shock, and was thrown violently upward and to one side. The heavy concrete covering, weighing several tons, supported on steel trusses, was responsible for the salvation of the entire machine shop from demolition and loss of lives of the occupants.—Potter Democrat.

Subscribe for The Miner.

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.

Climax to the Tiff Between the Lady and Her Husband.

The man and his wife, or perhaps it might be more proper these days to say the lady and her husband, had been having one of those cute little breakfast table chats wherein husband and wife twit each other about their relatives and get very personal in their observations. These things happen in the best regulated families occasionally.

The argument had grown heated and had reached the point where the wife usually makes up her mind to go home to mother when the telephone bell rang. The wife answered the telephone. A sweet voice asked over the phone:

"Are you having trouble?"

"Well, of all things!" snapped the wife in reply. "What if we are? It's none of your business."

"Oh, yes, it is some of my business. Locating trouble is the only thing I do."

"Well, you've got a nerve," replied the wife. "The idea of butting into private family matters like that!"—

"If you had reported your trouble to me I would have had it attended to. One of your neighbors reported it."

"One of the neighbors? Great Scott! Could the neighbors hear it?"

"Your neighbor reported it this morning."

"Well, I'd thank my neighbors to attend to their own affairs. My husband and I settle our difficulties without help from them or from you. Who are you anyway?"

"I am calling you from the trouble department of the telephone company. The neighbor reported that there was something wrong with your phone."

"For the love of Mike!" shrieked the wife as she dropped the telephone receiver and nearly fainted away. "Caught with the goods!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.

When Box Became a Writer the Stage Lost a Star.

No one ever paid a much higher tribute to Dickens than did Kate Field. She had the soul of a poet, a discriminating taste in art and literature and wide knowledge of the world. In mentality she was fully as strong as either of her brilliant brothers, David Dudley, Stephen J. or Cyrus W., and she certainly was as good if not a better judge of character.

She once wrote an appreciation of Dickens in which she declared the world lost its greatest actor when Box became a writer. She gave a description of one of the Dickens readings in New York that was masterly in its vividness of detail. Such versatility as she credited Dickens with displaying as he assumed the character of first one and then another of his creations, the pathos, the humor, the tragedy he put into a tone; the marvelous way in which he stirred the emotions of old and young in his audience, would appear to be a bit extravagant were it not that now and then some old man, looked upon as stern and unemotional, tells with faltering voice how he stood in line all one night to buy a ticket to one of Boz's readings and then goes on to talk just about as Miss Field wrote, only before he gets far along in his story the tears are running down his wrinkled cheeks—his old heartstrings still atune to the magic of the master as he saw him.—New York Press.

An Old Time Feminine Fad.

A century or more ago women in England were as keen for fads as they are today. In the journal of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Calvert, edited by Mrs. Warrenne Blake, we find recorded on May 4, 1808: "I begin a new science today—shoemaking. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is very useful to me." Mrs. Calvert appears to have proved a very apt pupil, for the very next day appears the triumphant entry, "I have just finished a shoe by myself!"—London Spectator.

Old Furniture.

The ordinary furniture polish, very useful when the furniture is comparatively new or well preserved, will not always fill the bill. When furniture is old and badly scratched any desired shade of wood stain mixed with equal proportions of spirits of turpentine will bring back the original shade and newness. Be careful to apply the mixture very evenly, using preferably a flat bristle brush of rather small dimension.—National Magazine.

Had His Doubts.

"Is it really a pleasure for you to have me call?" inquired the young man.

"Why, yes," answered the girl in some confusion. "Why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh, nothing. Only you seem to take your pleasure sadly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nature.

Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit. A principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same Master—the root, the branch, the fruits, the principles, the consequences. —Pascal.

Thrilling Racing Drama.

Act I.—Five Men Break a Horse.

Act II.—They Enter the Horse in a Race.

Act III.—The Horse Breaks Five Men.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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KEPT AN EYE ON THE HOUSE.

A Neighborly Act That Resulted in a Comedy of Errors.

A gentleman and his wife occupying a villa in a London suburb asked a neighbor to "keep an eye on the place" while they were away on their annual holiday. The neighbor consented and on the first night of his caretaking noticed a light in the bedroom of the presumably unoccupied house and saw the light extinguished.

Accompanied by a policeman, the neighbor made a forcible entrance through the scullery window, and quickly the two men made their way to the bedroom. The light of the constable's bullseye disclosed the head of a man in bed, and the policeman promptly drew his truncheon.

As promptly the occupant of the bed sprang out, and a desperate struggle began. Simultaneously a lady dashed across the room shrieking, threw open the window and at considerable peril clambered out. A second constable, passing at the moment, concluded that the lady was bent on suicide and, entering the front garden, held himself in readiness to catch the woman, who appeared to be about to fling herself to the ground.

The neighbor, however, dragged the lady back into the room, and then the truth began to assert itself. The captured invader of the empty house and the escaping lady were the occupant and his wife, who had suddenly changed their holiday arrangements without informing their too vigilant neighbor.—London Globe.

FRENCH ZOUAVES.

These Fighters Won Their Greatest Fame in the Crimea.

One of the most interesting class of soldiers of modern times has been the French corps called the zouaves. This body of daring and picturesquely attired fighters reached the heights of its reputation during the Crimean war.

The zouave corps at that time was supposed to consist of Frenchmen. It was, however, quite international, since many daring young foreigners had joined it, and it was known to include in its ranks men from Oxford, Gottingen and other universities. It is probable that a majority of its members were in it more for love of fighting than for any love of country.

It is not strange, therefore, that its fame as a fighting body should have spread throughout the world. When our war between the states broke out several corps of zouaves, wearing the glittering oriental uniforms of the French corps or a modification of them, were formed on both sides. On the Union side the best known was that corps commanded by Elmer Ellsworth, a young officer from New York and the first killed on the Union side. In the Confederacy the most famous corps of zouaves was that called the "Louisiana Tigers."

While in American military life the zouave uniform has practically disappeared, in France the zouave name and uniform still survive.—Harper's Weekly.

The Queer Chameleon.

There is nothing in the world will induce a chameleon to take even the slightest apparent interest in its surroundings unless it be the sight of what it considers a toothsome insect. The chameleon's method of taking its prey is very curious, being effected by shooting out an enormously long, wormlike tongue, the end of which is clubbed and covered with a viscid secretion, to which the insects stick and are thus drawn into its mouth. The actual projection of the tongue is made with marvelous rapidity. The eyes of the chameleon are very curious. They are very large, but, with the exception of a small opening in the center, are covered with skin. They are also entirely independent of each other, with the result that occasionally the creature is looking forward over its nose with one eye, while with the other it is intently watching something directly behind it.

Too Strong.

A young woman from the west who lately has been admitted to the intimacy of "the artistic set" of Washington recently made this query of an artist with reference to the work of a fellow painter:

"Why does Blank stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? When I visited his studio the other day he made me do it too."

"The explanation is simple enough," said the other. "Did you ever try to look at them with your eyes wide open? Well, don't; you can't stand it."—New York Press.

He Must Be Shy.

"Pretty bashful sort of chap, isn't he?"

"Bashful? I should say so. He's the kind of fellow who'd stammer and stutter and break and run if opportunity came up smiling and tried to shake hands with him."—St. Louis Republican.

Some Wag.

Proud Father—In the sweet garden of our home, sir, my daughter is a blushing rosebud. Waggish Visitor—And you, of course, are the poppy.—Baltimore American.

Lots of 'Em.

She—It says here that a man in Kansas has a chicken that can dance and tries to sing. He—Why, the stage is crowded with them already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.—Simmons.

A BATTLE IN THE SEA.

Wanton Slaughter When Bluefish and Menhaden Meet.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly.

Into all this confusion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for his benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort.

But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke.

The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

WONDERS OF BAALBEC.

A Building Problem That Has Puzzled Modern Engineers.

Baalbec, or Baalbek, is the name given a ruined city lying in ancient Coele, Syria, forty-five miles northwest of Damascus.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about a ruined city being found in the locality mentioned, but the size of the blocks of stone used by the ancient builders of this particular city is something that has puzzled the modern engineers since the day when Baalbec was first made the Mecca of the oriental traveler.

There are immense stones on every side of the visitor to this ancient pile of ruins, but the three most remarkable blocks—said to be the largest ever used in the construction of a building—are in a wall back of the temple of Baal.

These immense stones are respectively sixty-four, sixty-three and sixty-two feet in length and each is thirteen feet in thickness, but the most wonderful thing in connection with them is the fact they are at a place in the wall twenty-five feet from the ground. How these immense blocks of granite were ever raised to such a height is a question that has never yet been answered.

Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

Victoria and the Future.

Queen Victoria's childlike faith in the future life is touchingly revealed in her published letters to Dr. Boyd Carpenter. The only fear that troubled her was lest those she loved who had left this world before her might have outgrown her companionship. "I feel only this doubt," she wrote to Carpenter, "on account of my dear husband, whose tastes were of a higher and different order from mine and who had different interests perhaps from mine. I am far more fit now to be his companion than I used to be, but still I know that he must have soared higher than me."

Raiment of the Coster.

The English costermonger must be fearfully and wonderfully clothed, judging from the following coster tailor's advertisement in a London paper.

"A slap-up togs and kickaties builder, with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, with moleskins of hanky-panky design, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kickaties cut pegtop, half tight, or to drop loose over the trotters, with fancy vests made to flash the dickey, or to fit tight round the scrag."

Domestic Joys.

"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit tomorrow. Here is a list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice."—Fliegende Blatter.

Not Abel.

In a county court recently an inquiry was made as to why a defendant named Cain was not present. "Because he isn't able!" cried a voice from the back of the court.—London Mail.

The Builder's Lament.

His Friend (gazing at new house)—So this is your last house? Builder (sadly)—Yes, last, but not leased.—London Answers.

TROUBLES OF THE EAR.

Many of Them Are Caused by Abuses of Some Kind.

The best way to care for the ear is to study the things not to do. It is one of the most independent of organs, knowing very well how to take care of itself. If it is duly respected little trouble or none will result. In cases where something unforeseen goes wrong a physician should be consulted at once.

Almost all troubles of the ear are due to abuses of some kind. The ear seems to worry a great many people, and in their concern they usually manage to seriously interfere with its functions. In the healthy ear the wax, or cerumen, is a thin yellowish fluid that thickens into a paste as it dries. Nature provides for its natural exit from the ear passage by uniting it with the tiny flakes of dead skin which fall outward unnoticed either by seeing or feeling. Thus wax does not accumulate in a healthy ear, which has just enough to make sticky the stiff little hairs that grow in the passage.

Instruments should never be poked into the ear by the inexperienced nor wads of material continually mopped and squeezed into the opening for cleansing. Usually such treatment induces an increase or caking of wax. Hot water is the best solvent for wax, 105 to 115 degrees F. If the need of it is imperative gently syringe the ear with it. Cotton plugs in the ear are useful at times, but should be used no more than absolutely necessary, for they obstruct the canal and interfere with the natural way of casting off wax.—Exchange.

THE SUN AS AN ARTIST.

Discovery Upon Which Turn All the Wonders of Photography.

There is a wide variety in the pace at which the sun can give a color or change it. A winter apple may be a month in reaching its ruddiness, a peach may take only one week to flush into its mantle of maturity, but the most nimble work of the solar ray in its decoration of fruit and flower is not to be compared with what it accomplishes in other departments. When its power was brought to bear upon some familiar chemicals it was found that its action was reduced from days to seconds.

Upon this discovery turn all the wonders of photography. At first silver nitrate—or lunar caustic, as it was commonly called—was used in the camera. From time to time other substances of greater and greater sensitiveness to light have been produced, every one of them successively giving the solar beam a wider play and more astonishing power.

Today, with the exposure of a photographic plate, not only are the beatings of an insect's wings caught in the camera, but also the path of a cannonball, the skyward flight of exploded rock, and the sinuous glint of lightning.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Laugh and Live Long.

It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from that conveyed at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

What Wellington Was Doing.

When Sir John Steell, the sculptor, had the Iron Duke sitting for a statue he tried to induce him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost his patience. "As I am going to make this statue of your grace," he exclaimed, "can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field, cheering on your men to deeds of valor by words and action?"

"Bah!" said the duke in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach with a telescope in my hand!"

Suspicious Fervor.

"Well, brother," said the deacon, "that was a fine prayer you made last night."

"Thank you, deacon. I am very glad to hear you say so."

"Yes, it was a splendid prayer, long and fervent. And, say, what have you been doing anyway? You can confide in me with the utmost confidence. I wouldn't betray you for anything in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing.

"Now," began the philosopher, "take the life of your neighbor, for instance. He"—

"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted the practical man, "if the law would not interfere. He's learning to play the cornet."

Chocolate.

Do not take time to grate chocolate. Put the desired amount in a saucepan and place over the top of a teakettle until melted.

Abridgment by Queries Questioned.

Serious results followed the taking of the first census in Japan years ago. Observing with approval the work of western countries, the authorities thought it advisable to take statistics of population and for that purpose sent out to all householders notices enjoining them to furnish them with full particulars of their families, age, sex, etc. This step was misconstrued in one of the villages, where suspicion was engendered that Japan was about to be sold or at least some of the people were to be sold to foreigners who were desirous of ascertaining the number of males, etc., before closing the bargain in order to find out what price to pay according to the quantity of blood that would be forthcoming. It was a Japanese belief the foreigners squeezed the blood from all who came into their power. Excited and enraged mobs soon collected and attacked the village offices, and it was some time before order could be restored.—Argonaut.

Mexico's Goat.

To get your goat in Mexico has no meaning other than to lay unlawful hands on the quadruped. The goat is to Mexico what the sheep is to Australia and beef to old England, and more, because it is both meat and drink. The republic of bullfights and bandits could not get along without the humble little animal we have always associated with Harlem back yards and a diet of tin cans. Its flesh sells at 14 cents a pound, Mexican money, and a steaming stew of tender young kid is not to be despised by a hungry man. Every Mexican hotel serves goat meat in some form or other. A fat goat sells for $3 on the hoof, and a lean one brings only $1.50. The tallow sells at 12 cents a pound and is commonly used in place of lard. The skins are worth $1.50 each, and the milk retails at 12½ cents a quart.—New York Press.

The Zodiacal Light.

There is a strange light in the heavens appearing after sunset in the late winter and in spring and before sunrise in the autumn, but few persons in our latitudes have ever seen it. In the equatorial regions, however, and in certain parts of the tropics the zodiacal light appears with great splendor, and some remarkable views of it were obtained by a French expedition to the interior of the Sahara, undertaken for the purpose of studying the effects of the unclouded sun on the dry air of the desert. The mysterious light, in the form of a vast triangle, rising high in the heavens, appeared nearly three times as bright as the Milky Way. Science has not entirely solved the problem of the origin of this light, but it is thought that it is an appendage of the sun.—Harper's Weekly.

Hedgehog as Food.

The hedgehog as food is even more neglected than the frog, yet those who have tasted a properly cooked hedgehog proclaim it the best eating of all our native wild animals. According to Mr. Harwood Brierley, "the hedgehog may be stewed or spitchcocked, toasted or roasted. But it tastes best baked in clay in a wood fire. * * * As the incrustation comes off it brings also the adhering spines and all the skin, leaving a luxurious little joint complete, emitting an appetizing reminder of anything from hare to young pork. The hedgehog so treated consists of white, sweet, tender flesh, nowise inferior to sucking pig or a spring chicken, the flavor being even more delicate than the savor."—London Chronicle.

A Good Excuse.

After the Duke of Wellington's victorious campaigns the University of Oxford complimented the duke himself and his principal officers by conferring upon them the honorary and not very appropriate degree of doctor of civil laws. At that time the foes were heavy, and one of the distinguished soldiers who had gathered more honor than profit in the wars declined the proffered degree in the following verse:

Oxford, I know you wish me well.
But prithee let me be.
I can't, alas, be D. C. L.
For want of £ s. d.

Mermaids.

All the world over there are legends about mermaids. The Chinese tell stories not unlike others about the sea woman of their southern seas. Mankind is taught on the most excellent evidence that a mermaid was captured at Bangor, on the shores of the Belfast lough, in the sixth century, while another caught at Edam in 1406 was carried to Haarlem and kept there for many years.

Logical.

"John, dear, why are some women called Amazons?"

"Well, my dear, you remember our geographies said the Amazon has the largest mouth"—

But she went out and slammed the door before he could say any more.—London Mail.

Makes the Most of It.

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Well, after a beggar has touched him for a dime he'll tell you he 'gave a little dinner to an acquaintance of his.'"—Lippincott's.

Up to Date.

Feudist—Yep, I reckon I got old man Peevey this morning for fair. His son—Did ye shoot him, pop? Feudist—Course not. Better'n that. I got him on my note.—Puck.

Be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—Southey.

THE UMBRELLA.

Its Antiquity and No Introduction Into English Writings.

Umbrellas were first used in a country where the intensity of the light and heat rendered a shade almost indispensable, and discoveries at Nineveh show that they were carried before that king in time of peace and somedimes in war.

In 1608 Thomas Coryat traveled in Italy and wrote, "The people do carry umbrellas—that is, things that imitate shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching of the sun."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, 1640, "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," are these words, which prove that they were then known in England: "Are you at ease? Now is your heart at ease. Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella, to keep the world's scorching opinion from your fair credit."

In 1786 Jonas Hanway died in a house in Red Lion square. He was the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head.

Dr. Shebbear was committed to the court of king's bench for a libel and was sentenced to stand in the pillory, but a servant in livery was hired to hold an umbrella over his head to keep off the rain.

Cowper in the "Task," 1784, thus describes the country girl who dresses above her condition:

Expect her soon with foot boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care.

—New York Telegram.

A SCIENTIFIC HOAX.

The Steel Eating Worm and the Origin of the Mythical Insect.

A letter published in the New York Engineering News from Mr. E. Gybbon Spilsbury gives the origin of the myth regarding the "steel eating worm." About 1866, he says, employees of various iron, steel and chemical works of the district surrounding Haspe, in Germany, used to meet at a hotel in order to discuss subjects of general interest, with the result that a society known as the "Ulk," which in English signifies "fun," was formed.

The steel eating worm was created at one of the meetings and an editor from one of the neighboring towns was made the subject of the joke. The "insect" was manufactured from a piece of gutta percha tube and was exhibited in a bottle half full of acid. The worm was filled with dilute hydrochloric acid and when properly disturbed with a glass rod it would emit a drop of the acid, which, on attacking the scale, served to prove that the corrosion was due to a secretion of the worm and that the oxides formed its food.

The editor accepted the exhibit in good faith and published an account of the alleged discovery, with the consequence that it reappeared in many other journals and has since been reproduced elsewhere at varying intervals.

An Incident of Old Japan.

On March 24, 1868, an English minister was for the first time received with ceremony by the mikado, and the story of that reception illustrates remarkably the transformation of Japan under Mutsuhito. It had been fixed for the previous day, but on his way to the palace Sir Harry Parkes was fiercely attacked by two Japanese swordsmen. So sudden and furious was the assault that nine of the eleven men of the escort were wounded. The nose of Mr. Satow's pony and Sir Harry's belt were cut, but Sir Harry himself was uninjured and pursued one of the assailants. Mr. Freeman-Mitford "found him at the angle of the street with the headless body of one of our enemies at his feet." The other, a samurai, was degraded and executed; the reception came off next day, and the mikado issued a decree forbidding all assaults upon foreigners.

Creeping Salt.

There is something in the course of natural phenomena that will interest and instruct the little folk if they look into it curiously: Into a tumbler half full of water dissolve just as much common table salt as can be held in solution. Let it stand for a few days and see how the salt creeps out of the water up the inside of the glass and down the outside—just like a thing of life trying to escape from its environment. And when all the salt is apparently out of prison the water remains as salty as before! It is a pretty demonstration.

The Honeymoon Over.

"No one comes to see me," said she wearily, "as they did before I was married."

"Speaking of that fact," said he, "I used to call on you seven evenings in the week at that time. But I am as bad off as you—I now have nowhere to go."

Moving.

He read the letter twice and then said, "This is one of the most moving pieces of literature I ever saw."

"Is it an appeal for aid?" asked his wife.

"No. It's a note from the landlord saying he has raised the rent."

Some Difference.

Hewitt—This is a queer world. Jewett—What is the matter with it? Hewitt—House wrecking is a legitimate business, but housebreaking is a crime.—New York Press.

They are dead even for this life who hope for no better.—Lorenzo de' Medici.

Mitigating Circumstance.

A Scotch bailie recently advanced to the bench had a criminal placed before him accused of some very modest violation of the law. Of course the bailie knew the prisoner well. He heard the charge stated.

"John, man, I'm sorry to see you here. We'll just fine you half a crown."

The clerk here intervened.

"But the charge is not yet proved. We have not heard the evidence."

Then the benignant bailie:

"Ah, well, John, my man, as the charge is not proved we'll just fine you an eighteenpence."—London Telegraph.

Cross Purposes.

"Can you tell me something about the game laws around here?" asked the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"Well," replied Three Fingered Sam, "I could, but my advice to you would be if you don't know the rules of a game don't try to play it."—Washington Star.

Character.

Should one tell you that a mountain had changed its place you are at liberty to doubt it, but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character do not believe it.—Mohammed.

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We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable. Any bank or business house in Chicago or elsewhere will tell you we are worth our weight in gold. Write for them if you wish. Mention whether you want Clincher or Straight Side tires. Remember these tires are not to be compared with the ordinary 'sundry counter' tires. They are the highest grade tire made, and we know that when you get a sample pair you will be so well pleased that you will want a bicycle and will write us for our special offer. We want a rider agent in every town and can make it to your interest to act promptly.

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A FORTUNE HUNTER

And His Entry Upon the American Field

By EVELYN BLOCKER

Lord Barnickel had come to America for a rich wife. Most of the scions of nobility make no pretense of love for the women they marry, though it goes without saying that they are enamored of her fortune. It is understood that a duke or an earl who marries an American heiress matches his title and the social advantages that go with it against her estate, and the marriage is purely business transaction. The bride is expected to put up with the attentions of her husband to other women and his neglect of her. In the highest circles, where the husband introduces his wife to royalty, divorce is not admitted without a loss of standing, but the husband may be known for a libertine and still maintain his and his wife's prestige with the sovereign.

Barnickel, being simply a younger son of a duke and with no fortune, was not entitled to the privileges accruing to the duke, his eldest brother. He therefore considered it incumbent upon him to win and woo the woman he should marry. He was good looking, a captain in the Coldstream guards and a favorite in British aristocratic society. His elder brother, who had recently come into the family title, had been honored by an acceptance of an invitation to Brandonbane castle by the king. This was all very well so far as it went, but it was not a dukedom or even an earldom. Barnickel was intent upon marrying a woman with a fortune in her own right, and most wealthy American girls are rich in prospect only, and their fathers, having made their fortunes by hard knocks, have a repugnance to settlements.

After looking the field over Barnickel reduced the girls he would try to win to two. The parent of one was worth anywhere from twenty to fifty million dollars; but, being a hard headed American business man, he would not be likely to make a liberal settlement. The other was an orphan, worth in her own right some seven or eight hundred thousand dollars. His lordship wished money to spend at once, so he laid siege to the last named lady, Miss Marjorie Sanderson.

When a man is an adept at personating a lover it must be difficult for the girl he courts to discover whether he is really in love or shamming. Barnickel, who would have made his fortune on the stage acting lovers' parts, concentrated all his powers on Miss Sanderson. He told her with tears in his eyes that were she a beggar his life would be a blank without her and that to work for her would be for him the acme of happiness.

One day Miss Sanderson sent for Mr. Clarence Whittemore, a young attorney who had the care of her property, and said to him:

"Clarence, you are aware that the fortune left me by my mother, had her elder brother lived, would have been much smaller. All but a life interest in $100,000 would have gone to him and would now have been in the possession of my cousin, Mabel Stuart. Indeed, I consider Mabel entitled to the property the same as if her father had lived to inherit it. My conscience has been troubling me ever since I came into possession of it. I have been fighting the devil and have conquered him. I wish you to draw up papers for my signature turning over to her all this property except a life interest in $100,000."

Clarence Whittemore looked at his client in astonishment. He had heard of the attentions of Lord Barnickel, and when Miss Sanderson appeared in his office had surmised that she visited him to instruct him to draw up a marriage settlement. They had been friends from childhood, and Whittemore would have gladly welcomed a change from friendship to love had he not considered that her fortune stood between them. Having the care of her estate, he knew its value and believed that should he make love to her his motives would be impugned.

"Marjorie," he said, "are you crazy?"

"No; I am simply obedient to conscience. But I don't wish to discuss this matter with you, Clarence, or with any one else. I wish you to consider yourself simply my attorney and do as I say. When will you have the papers ready for me to sign?"

"Will tomorrow do?"

"Yes."

"Well, make it tomorrow. Better call here. We have everything here we need."

A few days later, when Lord Barnickel called for a final answer to his proposition of marriage that had been promised him, Miss Sanderson said to him:

"Before accepting your proposal, Lord Barnickel, I desire to communicate to you a matter of importance." And she told him what she had done and that she had done it as a matter of justice.

Now, the wily Englishman was not to be deceived by so palpable an attempt to test whether his offer came from her or from love of her fortune. He swore that he was delighted that he had an opportunity to prove to her that he loved her for herself alone.

"Very well," she said. "If in a month, when you have had an opportunity to learn that I have told you the truth, you choose to renew your proposal it will be accepted. You have met my cousin, I believe. I shall consider it perfectly proper for you to learn from her or my attorney, Clarence Whittemore, or any one else that this is not an attempt to deceive you. Au revoir. Come to see me, if you like, a month from today."

"I will come, as sure as I am alive and that the sun shines in the heavens."

Lord Barnickel departed, feeling sure that he had won the prize. But there was too much at stake to warrant his not assuring himself of the truth. Miss Sanderson's property was invested in a business building in the heart of the city, which paid an enormous and easy rental. It was a very simple matter for Barnickel to go to the court of records and see there a deed recorded transferring to Mabel Stuart, "for and in consideration of one dollar, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged," the business block that constituted nineteen-twentieths of Miss Sanderson's property. He was thunderstruck. Still he would not believe the transfer had really been made until he heard the story repeated time and again and saw that Miss Stuart had materially altered her mode of living.

Miss Stuart was a very different kind of woman from Miss Sanderson. She said that the property having gone to her cousin was an outrage and its being turned over to her a mere act of common honesty. Lord Barnickel, who would not have scrupled to desert the woman who had resigned the property for the one who had accepted it, did not dream of making the former a proposition, supposing that under the circumstances she would consider it an insult. But Miss Stuart, who considered that the alliance with a ducal house went with the property, on meeting his lordship indicated by an extreme graciousness that she wouldn't mind going back to England with him in her cousin's place.

The British aristocracy—or other persons of high degree, for that matter—don't mind such transfers at all, and among them they are not considered out of place. Barnickel as soon as he discovered that the property had really been given Miss Stuart wrote a note to Miss Sanderson informing her that he had heard his brother, the duke, was very ill and he expected before the expiration of the month allotted him before receiving his reply to return to England. He intended this as a polite way of withdrawing his proposition and straightway entered into a negotiation with Miss Stuart proposing marriage and a settlement of half her property upon himself. The lady, who was as anxious for social preferment as his lordship was for the wherewithal to keep up his position, assented at once and employed an attorney to draw the settlement papers.

One morning Miss Sanderson received a note from Clarence Whittemore informing her that her cousin's attorney had called upon him for information as to the title to the business block she had recently transferred, the lawyer having been employed to draw marriage settlement documents between Miss Stuart and Lord Barnickel. Miss Sanderson lost no time in seeing Mr. Whittemore in his office.

"What is this matter you have written me about, Clarence?" she asked, with indignation.

Whittemore handed her a note which gave the facts in the case. It stated that there was a clerical error in the deed recently given Miss Stuart by Miss Sanderson. In the deed the property was described as situated on a part of a grant of land made in 1789, the boundary line running west from a certain point, while in the abstract of title to the property the line was laid down as running east. Would Mr. Whittemore kindly furnish a new deed correcting the error?

"What does the error signify?" asked Miss Sanderson.

"That the deed you gave your cousin does not describe the property intended to be conveyed and is worthless."

Miss Sanderson's face lighted up. "Can Mabel compel me to correct the error?"

"No."

"Who made it?"

"I."

"You?"

"Yes. I wrote the deed myself and made the mistake purposely."

The two sat looking at each other intently for some time, when Miss Sanderson asked:

"Why did you do it, Clarence?"

"Because I believed you were making a mistake and wished to save you from the consequences."

Again there was a silence, which Miss Sanderson broke:

"Had you any other reason?"

Perhaps it was the tone in which the question was asked, perhaps the look that accompanied it. At any rate, Whittemore's eyes fell like a girl's. But for the fortune that still stood between them he would have replied, "Because I love you." As it was he made no answer. Nevertheless she understood.

Miss Sanderson sent for Lord Barnickel, and when he appeared she said to him:

"I understand that an error was made in the deed to the property I intended to transfer to my cousin. I have sent for you to give you my word that I relied on my attorney to make the legal transfer. But he, foreseeing that I might regret my act, made the error purposely and thus rendered void the transfer. I have had cause to regret my act and shall not give a valid deed to the property. I have nothing further to communicate and bid you good day."

His lordship went back to England without a wife or a fortune. He says those blasted Americans are a pack of sharpers and it doesn't do for gentlemen to have anything to do with them.

Doctor Barlow

The Result of an Adventure of a Medical Student

By EDWIN C. THORNTON

There was trouble among the students of the Gordon medical college in the matter of obtaining subjects for dissection. They had been used to securing corpses in the old fashioned way, commonly called body snatching, which meant robbing new graves. But when a party was caught red handed in one of these desecrations so great was the indignation among the citizens of the place that they threatened to hang without legal process any student thereafter caught robbing a grave.

One evening just before dusk Dick Barlow, a medical student, looking out of the back window of his room, saw through an opposite window of a building backing up against his boarding house the body of a man lying stiff and stark on a board, the ends of which rested on barrels. Considering the fact that Barlow was about to be prevented from following his anatomical course for the want of a subject it is not remarkable that he was confronted by a great temptation.

The roof of an addition to the house he was in afforded an easy descent to the back yard, and the room in which the corpse lay was on the ground floor. The removal would be easy, but if the remover was detected the consequences would be terrible.

Mr. Barlow, about 10 o'clock that night, with blankets on his arm intended for wrapping the subject which he intended to purloin and load in an express wagon he had provided, got out of his window on to the addition of this house and thence on to the ground. His great dread was a street lamp that shone across a vacant lot and lighted the scene of his intended depredation. He had just dropped into the yard when the light illuminated something that made his blood curdle.

Out of the window he intended entering came a man on whom the street lamp shone, revealing the corpse Mr. Barlow was going to steal. Man, ghost or corpse, whatever it was, came on, making straight for Barlow, who collapsed, sinking in a heap.

Whether his fright came from conscience or a natural dread of the supernatural he didn't know himself. Indeed, he was not conscious long enough after his first view of the coming dead man to take account of the matter, though he afterward said that he had no doubt the thing was coming to do him injury.

When the student came to himself the corpse had vanished. Barlow got up, staggered around to the front door, went up to his room, took a pull from a bottle he had in his closet to steady him and went to bed. But no sleep came to him, and the morning found him entirely unfitted for his daily duties.

He determined to keep his own counsel with regard to his intended theft and the result. And it was well he did. During the day there was a great hubbub in the town and especially in the college. It was stated that the body of a man in the service of an electric company, who had been killed by a live wire and had been laid out in a vacant room awaiting the offices of an undertaker, had disappeared, and it was supposed that it had been stolen by the students. Barlow heard this and shuddered. He was not charged with the theft, but he imagined that every person who looked at him had suspicion in his eye.

The college authorities ordered a thorough search for the body, but without success. For a few days it was feared that the citizens would attack the buildings, and threats were really made to tear down the dissecting room. But after awhile the excitement died out and the matter was forgotten. Arrangements were made by which the students could buy subjects, and there was no more trouble on this account. Barlow was graduated and became a veritable sawbones.

He was at once appointed resident physician to a hospital in the place where he had studied and entered upon his duties. One young woman who was studying to be a trained nurse found favor in the doctor's sight. Miss Myra Etheridge was an object of interest from the fact that she was known to have had a grief. A shadow of melancholy hung over her; she seldom laughed and never joined the other nurses in their sociables that were got up for their amusement and recreation. She was one of the most efficient nurses in the hospital, and whenever there was need for careful attention upon a patient Dr. Barlow relied upon her for the work.

Having fallen in love with Miss Etheridge, the doctor set himself to win her. As soon as she discovered his intentions she told him that she had had a lover, who had died, and she could never love any one else. Barlow was very much cast down at this for awhile, but no lover was ever yet deterred from pushing a suit against a dead rival, and the doctor was no exception to the rule. He argued that in any struggle between a live man and a dead man the former must win in the end, and though he refrained from pressing his suit in the usual way, he did so by little acts of kindness that were bound to prejudice the lady in his favor.

Dr. Barlow spent one year at the hospital, at the end of which he would have resigned to accept a position with a noted specialist but for the fact that he had not won Miss Etheridge, and he feared that if he left the field it would be tantamount to giving up the struggle, which he had no intention of doing, so he declined the offer and entered upon his second year at the hospital.

Something occurred before the expiration of this second year's work which gave the lover the victory. Miss Etheridge, from her devotion to a patient suffering from a contagious disease, caught the malady. Dr. Barlow devoted himself to her with the same assiduity she had devoted herself to the patient who had given her the disease. By a close watch upon its symptoms he parried its threats and eventually pulled her through.

Such devotion broke down her objections to accepting another lover, and it was not long after her recovery that she showed her feelings toward the man who had saved her life and openly renewed his suit and was accepted.

Dr. Barlow now laid his plans for entering upon his profession as a practicing physician and being wedded at the same time. Miss Etheridge resigned from the hospital service without waiting to take her degree, the melancholy that had hung over her disappeared, and both she and the doctor seemed very happy in anticipation of their approaching nuptials.

Neither of the two having any means and weddings celebrated in the usual way being expensive, it occurred to Miss Etheridge, who had grown attached to the hospital staff, to be married on the premises, where she would be surrounded by her friends. Her betrothed consented, and it was arranged that the ceremony should take place in a large room used for religious and other services. The nurses bore a hand in decorating the room with evergreens and otherwise assisted in the preparations.

The day before the date set for the wedding Dr. Barlow turned over his duties to his successor. The next morning such patients as were able to leave their beds were permitted to gather in the wedding room, and soon after, the bride entering by one door and the groom by another, they proceeded to a dais on which speakers usually stood. There they were met by a clergyman in the vestments of the Episcopal church.

The ceremony had proceeded to the point where the clergyman asks any one who can show cause why the couple should not be joined together to speak or to hereafter hold his peace. At this request a faint voice came from a patient—a man—who had been wheeled into the room in an invalid chair.

"I can."

All present turned to look at the person who had made the interruption.

The bride fainted, and the groom staggered on his feet.

Dr. Barlow saw the corpse, or rather the man he had intended to steal for a subject when he was a medical student. Miss Etheridge saw her former lover, whom she supposed to be dead. She was carried out of the room, and Dr. Barlow was supported as he walked beside her.

The man who had broken in upon the wedding, being interrogated, gave the following statement:

"I am an electrician and was some years ago employed in the Ampere works, where one day I accidentally received an electric discharge supposed to be sufficient to kill a man. I knew nothing till I found myself stretched on a board in a room. It was night. I got off the board and stood by a window. Seeing that I was on a level with the ground, I stepped out of the window and, guided by a street lamp, walked away.

"I was treasurer of the church to which I belonged and had used a thousand dollars of its funds. I was not long in inferring what had happened to me—that I had recovered and that a favorable opportunity was offered to disappear till I could raise the money to make good my deficiency.

"I went into hiding and read in the newspapers of the disappearance of my body. I was relieved to hear that the trustees of the church made up the deficiency in the funds. I was engaged to Miss Etheridge, but of course dare not communicate with her.

"I have earned the money to reimburse the church and came back for the purpose of doing so. I was taken ill, and, hearing that the girl I loved was a nurse here and was to marry the resident physician, I had myself brought here last night in order to prevent the marriage."

This explanation having been transmitted to Miss Etheridge and Dr. Barlow, they held a consultation, at which no one was present except themselves, and the bride, indignant at her former lover's confessed action, clung to her fiance. They decided to return to the wedding room and request the clergyman to finish the ceremony. It is needless to say that the man who had caused the trouble was not only not invited to be present, but was excluded.

The story being known to all, the couple received an ovation, and when they were driven away the windows and porches were filled with those waving them an adieu. Dr. Barlow is now one of the most eminent physicians in the land, and his wife is beloved by all who know her.

Since this most important episode of his life the doctor has interested himself in the matter of bringing back to life those who, though they are supposed to be dead, are cases of mere suspended animation. He has made many experiments upon animals, causing their hearts to cease beating, then manipulating the organs with a view to restoring pulsation. He has recently restored to life a man pronounced dead.

The Fog Lady

She Came to the Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It had been a warm May day without a breath of wind to stir the young green leaves on the elms and maples that bordered the village streets.

Late in the afternoon there stole over hill and harbor a faint bluish haze that some said was smoke from distant forest fires. The weatherwise predicted a "May fog."

"Going out, doc?" asked old Simon Way, the boat builder, as the young physician passed him on the little wharf.

"Yes, Simon, I'm going out for a breath of fresh air, if there's any out there. It's deuced hot ashore."

"Ye won't find any wind outside today," predicted Simon, with an eye toward the channel. "I been out there all day and came back with the tide. It's hot as thunder out there, and it'll be worse before ye get back."

"You think we'll have a squall?" The doctor hesitated at the top of the steps that led down to the water where his dory was fastened. His speedy little motorboat was anchored not far away.

"Worse than a squall for getting around in."

"What's that?"

"A fog."

"I shall be back before it shuts down." The doctor straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath.

"Ye feel shut in between these high bluffs?" asked Simon curiously.

"Yes, but under the right conditions I would not—there are certain things that might change it all—bring its own breath of paradise with it."

Simon Way went home and told his wife that he guessed Dr. Morton was getting tired of Bell Harbor, in spite of the splendid practice he had acquired. Mrs. Way threw a shawl over her head and ran across the street to tell Mrs. Clarence Sayles and that lady delivered the information in an abbreviated form to the effect that Dr. Morton was going to leave town.

Cleo Adams heard the news just as she sat down to the supper table.

In the meantime Dr. Morton's launch had chugged out of Bell Harbor into the sound. The white bow cut the placid water and broke up the rose-colored reflections into rippling waves of rose and silver flecked foams.

All about him was a wall of fog, now shot with a queer pinkish glow. As he shut off the power and the engine ceased throbbing he listened for some sound to break the silence that was upon the waters.

"This will be a good place to think it over," he said to himself and then realized that he had expressed the craving of his heart—ever since Cleo Adams had laughed at his offer of marriage.

He stared unseeingly into the fog, his thoughts revolving around that episode of last night.

Dr. Morton had wooed Cleo Adams in the shy way that is characteristic of many men of his profession, and when the time came when he could no longer withhold his confession of love, he had done an unusual thing.

It was 9 o'clock the previous evening when he had entered his little office and sank wearily into a chair before his desk. His housekeeper had left a supper for him and gone to prayer meeting. The house was quiet.

Suddenly he picked up the telephone receiver and held it to his ear as he called Cleo's number. He felt very cool and professional as he waited for a reply from the Adams home.

It came at last in Cleo's low, clear voice:

"Yes?" she inquired.

"Is this Miss Cleo?" asked the doctor calmly.

"This is Miss Adams," she replied to his satisfaction.

"Cleo," he almost whispered, fighting back the shyness that almost choked his utterance of the important words—"Cleo, I love you, dear; could you marry me?"

Then had come an instant's hesitation. He was prepared for that, but her light, stinging laugh was a stunning surprise to him. "No, thank you!" she had said airily and hung up the receiver with a little defiant clatter.

Dr. Morton sat in his chair, motionless and white, until his scandalized housekeeper had arisen from her bed and come downstairs to inform him that it was past 2 o'clock. Thereupon he had shaken himself together and retired, only to spend a sleepless night before he arose to fulfill the duties of another day's dull routine.

Now he had left it all behind. In the solitude afforded by the fog he would battle with his trouble and master it.

But he did not reckon with the fog.

While he sat there thinking bitter thoughts about Cleo Adams, who now appeared to be shallow and heartless when once he had believed her to be earnest, sincere and far above coquetry in any of its forms, his boat was drifting idly with the tide. Little by little he was floating away from the shore, and not until he heard the blast of the foghorn of the shoals lighthouse did he realize his position. At once he started the engine and turned toward Bell Harbor.

It was growing dark now, and the fog clung moistly to his face and hands and every shred of his garments. It entered his throat and almost strangled him, so raw and penetrating was it.

Something dark loomed before him, and at the same instant a fog bell tolled close at hand.

A big sound steamer rushed past him, a menacing death from which he had barely escaped.

The foghorn he had first heard had not been the shoals light. It was the steamer bearing down upon him.

Where had he drifted? He could not tell, except that it must be in the path of the eastward bound steamers.

He resolved to steer in the direction where he believed Bell Harbor to be. He would go very slowly and cautiously, and when he drew near enough to Bell Harbor breakwater he could see the pale glow of its sentinel lantern and then find his way through the narrow channel into the harbor.

But the doctor was an amateur. The launch was a new diversion and a plaything to him, and because he was a more skillful physician than he was a navigator he chagrined helplessly around for two hours before he admitted that he was lost in the fog.

Another hour passed in fruitless going to and fro. He had heard the blare of the shoals light foghorn, but his ignorance of the waters about here made it impossible for him to calculate distances or directions. He laughed rather scornfully at his foolish hopes when he had bought the motorboat. Cleo Adams was an ardent sailor, and he had planned many delightful trips in the boat which as yet had no name. He wanted to call it after her.

The doctor was now prepared to spend the night on the sound. He had not heard anything that might indicate the presence of other craft in his neighborhood. He concluded that all other boats must be anchored, waiting for the fog to lift. Of course he did not dare to enter the cabin of the launch and sleep.

Just then a strange sound, odd enough heard there in the fog at 10 o'clock in the evening, smote upon his strained ears.

It was the voice of a woman singing. The sweet tones came tremulously across the water, and involuntarily the doctor turned his craft and headed in the direction of the voice.

To his delight it grew louder and clearer as he went on this course, and now he could distinguish the words of the hymn:

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!"

"It sounds as if it was meant for me," he muttered, bending his head to peer through the fog for the first glimpse of the mysterious singer.

Guided by the voice of the singer, who rendered verse after verse of the stirring song with tireless patience now that the first tremolo had been overcome, Dr. Morton drew nearer to the sound until a peculiar orange glow indicated the nearness of a light.

Could it be the entrance to Bell Harbor channel? If so, who was that singing there on the black rocks of the breakwater?

He held to his course with the light on his left and, to his delight, left it behind. He was entering the channel and would soon be inside Bell Harbor.

The voice suddenly stopped and then spoke in tones vaguely familiar to him—perhaps the fog disguised it.

"Boat ahoy!" it called.

"Here!" returned Morton quickly.

"Is that Dr. Morton?"

"Yes. Can I take you off? Am I needed?"

"Come carefully—follow my voice—there!" as the boat jarred against a large rock. "Steady a moment!"

A pale form moved out of the fog and without effort entered his boat, shoving off from the rock before it groped to a seat beside him.

"If you will give me the wheel I can steer you directly to the wharf," said the voice of Cleo Adams calmly, and without a word the astonished physician gave the wheel into her hands and slid along the seat to make room for her.

"How came you there?" he asked curiously, after he had related the details of his being lost in the fog and how her singing had guided him safely to port.

Her voice trembled slightly: "Simon Way told father you had gone out in the fog against his advice and that you had not returned. Father worried because his lameness prevented him from coming to your rescue. I said nothing to them, but came out in my boat to look for you. It sprang a leak, and I abandoned it and climbed on the rocks. I was sure you could hear my voice and would find the way back." She spoke practically and, except for the tremble in her voice, appeared quite unmoved by the heroism of her deed.

"You came out here to save my life?" he asked hoarsely.

"You saved my father's life last winter," she retorted, adding, "You are such a good doctor that we cannot afford to lose you, although I hear you are going away."

"After last night you could hardly profess to care," he said bitterly.

"Last night? I did not see you last night. In fact, I was in Cloverton. They had sickness in Uncle Joe's family," said Cleo.

"Then who talked with me over your telephone?" he asked quickly.

"It must have been Stella Morris. She was to remain with father and mother all night. What did she say? She is such a giddy, thoughtless girl"—Cleo faltered into silence as his words tumbled forth breathlessly in explanation.

"What would you have said?" he demanded.

"Yes," whispered Cleo as their faces touched.

When they named the doctor's motorboat they called her the Fog Lady, and nobody knew save Dr. Morton and his wife just what it meant.